R THE TRAVELLER

FRUIT, Impure Water, Unhealthy Cli- Unwholesome Food, Malaria, Epidemic ious Diseases, Cholera Morbus, Cramps, ection, Diarrhœa, Colds, Chills, Simple hausting, Nervousness, or Loss of Sleep the traveller or household at this season, r to those protected by a timely use of 'S GINGER, the Delicious Summer

PREPARED with the utmost skill from IMPORTED GINGER, CHOICE AROMATICS and the purest and best of MEDICINAL FRENCH BRANDY, from the world-renowned vineyards of Messrs. OTARD, DUPUY & CO., COGNAC. SANFORD'S GINGER is vastly superior to all other "Gingers," all of which are made with common alcohol, largely impregnated with poisonous fusil oil and strengthened with cayenne pepper.

ANFORD'S CINCER

AS A PURE FRUIT STIMULANT, for the aged mentally and physically exhausted, careworn, or overworked, for delicate females, especially mothers, for those recovering from debilitating diseases, and as a means of reforming those addicted to an excessive use of alcoholic stimulants, it is unequalled in the whole range of medicines. Beware of imitations. SANFORD'S is the finest ginger in the world, and, notwithstanding the high cost of its ingredients, is the cheapest family medicine. Sold everywhere.

Potter Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

VERAGE, with hot and cold water, ened, or hot or cold milk, or added to emonade, effervescent draughts and minit forms a refreshing and invigorating nequalled in simplicity and purity by edicine, while free from alcoholic reacd mercenary dealers, who for a few cents try to force upon you their own or n you call for SANFORD'S GINGER. holesale and retail druggists, grocers, here.

Drug and Chemical Co., Boston.

E SELECTED BY THE U. S. GOV'T CARRY THE FAST MAIL

urlington Route

O BURLINGTON & QUINCY R'Y.

ING WEST.

NE RUNNING TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY FROM

GO, PEORIA & ST. LOUIS,

the Heart of the Continent by way Pacific Junction or Omaha to

DENVER,

as City and Atchison to Denver, connection Depots at Kansas City, Atchison, Denver with through trains for

SAN FRANCISCO,

nts in the Far West. Shortest Line to

KANSAS CITY,

all points in the South-West.

'S AND HEALTH-SEEKERS

rget the fact that Round Trip tickets at reduced rates are purchased via this Great Line, to all the Health and Pleasure Resorts of the West and South-West, including ne of COLORADO, the Valley of the

CITY OF MEXICO,

points in the Mexican Republic.

HOME-SEEKERS

member that this line leads direct to the best Government and Railroad Lands in Kansas, Texas, Colorado and Washington

MOUTH ROCKS!

breeding stock for another year, and ers at reduced prices. A large ks to select from; and the finest orn Maine State Fair. My stock this ests and I feel confident that I can ir. G. M. Twitchell.

Litchfield, Me.

New, Modern Build

STATIONARY ENGINES.

Compact, quick working, economic, with heater, pump, governor, valve, and all fixtures, self-contained, at following unprecedented prices, viz.:

—ALSO—

New and Second-hand

Portable Engines,

5 to 40-h. p. ready for quick shipment.

Best Engines and Boilers made in the United States. First class in workmanship and material. Over 4,000 in constantuse.

10-h.p.	$250	Full Stock at our factory
25-h.p.	325	
35-h.p.	450	Come and examine Im
45 h.p.	500	
60-h.p.	630	mediate shipment made.

BOILERS:

All styles, new and second-hand a specialty, while we have at our works the largest stock of general machinery in the hands of any one firm in the country.

Prices made at customer's station. Send for Catalogue and Prices stating just what required.

S. C. FORSAITH MACHINE COMPANY, Machinists and General Machine Dealers, Sailing Vessels. Manchester, N. H. Please state in what paper you saw advertisement.

(TRADE MARK.)

SOAP

pledged the "STANDARD" DRY SOAP. There is but very bar is stamped with ord in hand, and no Grocer ballo who would offer bstitute. In the use of OME SOAP people "VALUE RECEIVED" and that superiority in G QUALITY peculiar to

RUBBING, HOUSE CLEANING

easy work.

kes the hardest water soft. not injure the finest clothes. loes not burn or chap the hands.

SE LAVINE

ng Clothes, Dishes, Paint , &c., and Save Labor. ALL GROCERS.

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Chemical Company HARTFORD, CONN.

GROCER KEEPS IT.

EVER, Manufacturers' Agent, mercial Street, Portland, Maine

NE WATER

A VALUABLE REMEDY IN ALL NERVOUS AFFECTIONS. FOR INTERNAL USE IN KIDNEY DISEASES, FEVER, BLOOD POISINING & ALL are familiar with the medicinal OZONE, and all may have knowledge of its virtues through our Pamphlet, free. Preparation sold by Druggists.

MICAL OZONE MFG. CO., 8 PURCHASE ST., BOSTON.

LEAD COMPANY,

WM. TYLER, 1720 SALEM, MASS.

ould at once send for a package of Pearls of youth, nervous weakness, ear ailments, etc. I will send a sample, FREE OF CHARGE. This great covered by a missionary in South of self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JAN, Station D., New York. 1y36

Potato Digging

THE MONARCH POTATO DIGGER Saves its cost every day, first season; over, to every farmer, Sold only by the Agents Wanted. Address Buchanan & Co., Buchanan, Mich.

postal card for FREE elegantly engraving, in file Artistic Alphabet, 200 to publish. 306 State St., ufacturing Co., CHICAGO, ILL.

ured without the use of the knife by WILLIAM BEAL, M. D., Harvard, 1842) and ROBERT M. BEAL, M. D., Harvard, 1870. Evans House, 175 Tremont St., Boston, treat PISTULA, PILES AND ALL DISEASES OF THE RECTUM without detention from business. References given. Send for a pamphlet. Office Hours, 11 A. M. to 2 P. M. (Except Sunday.) 1718

NESS WIND NEW MANVEL OLD RELIABLE STOVER.

We make both. 12 years making Wind Mills a specialty, with our Galvanized Chanics, enable us to take water well as well or better and deliver it to desired point. Write stating nature Office. S. S. WILLIAMS & CO., ster, Mass. Kalamazoo, Mich.

Care Free

Wellcome's Compound and Improved description of a noted specialist (now to Special Notice. $1,000 perfect. Ask for each insertion.

ARD & CO., LOUISIANA, MO.

Painless cure cures. Book free. Circular Agency, 306 Pelton St., N. Y.

Maine Farmer.

BADGER & MANLEY, Publishers and Proprietors.

"OUR HOME, OUR COUNTRY, AND OUR BROTHER MAN."

TERMS: Two Dollars per annum, in Advance.

Vol. LII. Augusta, Maine, Thursday, November 13, 1884. No. 52.

Pleuro pneumonia exists among cattle in Blissville, Queen's Co., N. Y.

Mr. T. S. Cooper has a herd of seventy Jerseys now in quarantine, which he will sell at auctionin December next.

Marshall P. Wilder thinks that it is no object to grow black cap raspberries, for the Boston market at least.

The Wisconsin Dairymen's Association has employed an instructor to visit the State butter and cheese factories, to secure uniformity of production.

Eight carloads, or 172,930 pounds of butter, passed through Dubuque *en route* for New Orleans in refrigerator cars. This is the heaviest shipment of butter ever made from Iowa.

The farmers of a certain region in Scotland, drove away the rooks a few years ago. Since the rooks departed all kinds of destructive grubs have appeared, and the farmers are now trying to get the rooks back again.

One session of the winter meeting of the Connecticut State Board of Agriculture, to be held in Meriden, in December next, will be devoted to the interests of the Grange, and Hon. Mortimer Whitehead of New Jersey, has been engaged to deliver an address on the occasion.

The Gardiners' *Monitor* is guilty of the following: Sericiculture is now the fashionable name for silk culture; Dendriculture for tree growing; Fragariculture for the strawberry; Solanituberosiculture for the potato, and Zxidroyxstchantsthantsuidkleiniculture for we do not know what.

"What are you selling to realize money on?" innocently asked an interested visitor of a fancy farmer, as he looked over a bewildering array of barns furnished at great expense with all the modern fixtures. "We would like to sell some Jersey bull calves," was the curt but suggestive reply.

A correspondent of the Rural *New Yorker* says: "After all the bolstering and the fraud and the deceitfulness of this show business, Jay Gouldeye are coming down to buy the true value, which, for the best, is precisely what they will earn for their owners in calves, milk and butter. The fancy stock business has been overworked, that is all. Now the farm business begins."

The town of Greene, in Androscoggin county, is noted for its fine orchards and for the superior quality of its fruit. The land is hilly, rough and rocky, but especially well adapted to the production of long keeping fruit. A single neighborhood has harvested over 3,000 barrels this year, while several of the largest growers in town are outside of these limits. All the winter fruit is safely in store, awaiting a market.

The export movement of cattle in Canada seems to show more substantial gains than the same business in America. The total exports of live cattle to date from Montreal reach a total of, 50,000 head, an increase of 4,841 head over 1883, and 11,696 over 1882. The exports of sheep are behind the previous year. The total exports this season to date, are 45,596 head. Cattle freights between Montreal and Liverpool are now quoted at $12.50 to $13 per head.

New England Gravensteins have all been used up and now Boston is indulging in the luxury of shipments on this popular sort from Nova Scotia. The New York Price Current notes the arrival of a cargo of Nova Scotia Apples in that city. It would seem that we have apples enough at home without importing them. But the popular demand for Gravensteins has never been supplied from our own raising. It would have been better if some of the crab apple trees set years ago, had been of this popular variety.

The present prices of wheat are lower in this country than they have been at any time since the war, and wheat is now cheaper in Great Britain than it has been in 104 years. In fact, there are certain grades of wheat sold in Great Britain that are cheaper per bushel than corn. These cheap grades of wheat come mainly from India and Australia. The highest price ever quoted for American wheat was in 1867, when the figures reached $2.80 a bushel. Since that time prices have dropped to $1.13 a bushel in New York, which is considered very low. No. 2 winter wheat now sell at 84 to 85 cents per bushel.

The New York *Price Current* says that it is stated that since the "oleo" law was enforced there have been 3,500,000 pounds more butter brought into the market from the dairies than in the year before, and that 3,500,000 pounds less had been exported. At the same time the price, which had fallen on account of competition with "oleo," had risen between four and seven cents. Hadn't we better enforce our "oleo" law in this State, and thereby secure to ourselves like benefits; and at the same time secure to consumers the privilege of eating butter when they want to? But a few days ago we saw a car load of "oleo" in store in this State awaiting sale.

It certainly is evidence of the high moral tone of the agricultural press, that they a'l without exception, take outspoken ground against any admissions, on any pretext whatever, of any features of an immoral tendency at the annual fairs. This course everywhere earnestly continued and faithfully carried out, will have a mighty influence in purifying these annual gatherings. Organized agriculture, however, is not, in many cases, chargeable with the full share of criminality which is many times laid to its management by those directly concerned. If a debased public sentiment, not only allows, but licenses liquor saloons on every street corner in town, have that same public a right to complain if the same evil is carried on just over the fence in the fair grounds, and are the managers the only party at fault when it is tolerated there? The same reasoning obtains to all other features of a questionable character. The fairs are not alone guilty that these things are there. The agricultural press have not only to train the managers of fairs, but they must also tone up the general public to the same standpoint. This they are doing by the stand every where taken; but let the work be done in that spirit of charity which does not hold the farmer as the only guilty culprit, when the golden rule is in a measure transgressed.

Bulletin No. 12 of the Massachusetts Agricultural Experiment Station for October, is devoted to notes on experiments in feeding gluten meal as a constituent of the daily diet of milch cows. Gluten meal is obtained as a by-product in the manufacture of starch and glucose from corn. It consists mainly of the germs of the corn with more or less of skin parts and starch. The supply of this substance has acquired considerable proportions in consequence of the recent development of the glucose industry in the country. The article is offered for sale by the carload in bulk, at $21.00 per ton. With 3½ pounds gluten meal, 3½ pounds shorts, and 20 pounds hay as a daily ration, the cost of fodder per quart of milk was 1.68 cents. The gluten meal contained 11.68 of water. The dry matter analysed as follows:

Crude ash	0.70 per cent.
" cellulose	0.77 "
" fat	3.94 "
" protien	36.34 "
Non-nitrogenous ex. matter	46.38 "

The milk was soured and was found rich in solids. This practical test compared with those previously made with other kinds of fodders, shows that gluten meal ought to be considered a valuable addition to our commercial concentrated fodder articles.

The harvest of the year is over, and now comes a season—not of leisure—but a season affording more time to study the business in which we are engaged. The long evenings and stormy days are not favorable for the prosecution of the regular work of the farm. These may well be devoted to a closer study of the means and methods called for in systematising the farm operations, and in a further acquisition of the knowledge of the best methods and practices now found as necessary in farming as they always have been in other pursuits. This calls for the careful reading of the agricultural papers, among which to a Maine farmer especially, the long established organ of the agriculture of the State, the *Maine Farmer*, should have a place. Let it be a medium of an interchange of opinion, where all shall have full scope; let it be made a medium of inquiry where all who are in search of more light may feel at liberty to ask of others; let it be a medium of instruction where those who have gained knowledge may give others the benefit of it. Let it be understood that the *Farmer* is the farmer's friend, advisor, instructor. To this end, we invite all our readers to feel that its columns are theirs, and we invite them to lend a helping hand in filling them with just that material which is wanted and is needed by practical, working farmers. Farm news, farm transactions, farm gossip, and studied communications, all are wanted by our readers, and will be acceptable to editors and publishers. Transactions of agricultural societies, farmers clubs, and Granges are matters of public interest, and reports of the same will always be acceptable.

The MAINE FARMER, Published every Thursday, by BADGER & MANLEY, Office Water St., Opp. Granite Hall.

TERMS—$2 Per Annum, in Advance FREE OF POSTAGE.

If Not Paid Within One Year, $2.50 Will Be Charged.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

For one inch space, $1.50 for three insertions, and seventy-two cents for each subsequent insertion. Special Notice, $1.00 per line, for each insertion. All transient advertisements to be paid for in advance.

TRAVELLING AGENTS:

G. S. ATER. J. W. KELLOGG. J. E. PRAY.

Feeding for Cream.

The remarkable result in the test of Mary Anne of St. Lambert, given in this column, of one pound of butter from seven pounds of milk, proves beyond question the long mooted question of "feeding for cream." To make the wonderful yield recorded she did not give a remarkable flow of milk; but the record of a pound of butter to seven pounds of milk while the cow was still fresh in flow has never before been made, so far as we know. From the report of the work it seems the cow was fed for this purpose by the giving of those foods which are well known to have a tendency to produce rich milk. The enormous quantities of this food taken were directed largely to the production of fat in the milk. Ordinarily the cow has not been giving milk so rich in fat, though at all times she has given remarkably rich milk. It may not, however, prove to be a fact that all cows would respond in like degree to the character of the food taken. This cow is remarkable for her power to direct her food to the one purpose of making milk, and probably to this remarkable trait is due her propensity to throw a rich food into cream. It would be of interest to learn if the casine of the milk was increased in the same ratio as the fat. This is generally understood to be the case, and if so certainly the milk must have been even more remarkable in total solids than it was in fat.

Rewarding Exhibitors.

The *Gardeners' Monthly* calls attention to a matter which applies to other exhibits than those in horticulture, and may well claim a share of the attention of those who have the management of fairs entrusted to their charge:

"It is some time since we commented on the evils of premiums as given at fairs on horticultural exhibitions, and suggested improvements thereon. What we said seemed to be wasted. The old system prevails, and boards of managers are very "go down," as they will go, until some new method of rewarding skill is inaugurated. There is practically nothing to exhibit, for what is worth growing is not worth showing. The value of the premiums being generally far below the cost of exhibition,—the honor and credit given still less,—and the influence of the latter on the community very small, that few can bring themselves to a cheerful answer as to the use of exhibiting at all. Instead of exhibitors coming forward willingly, they require pulling in, in a majority of cases, up-hill work for committees to bring them out at all, and it generally ends by the exhibitor vowing it is the last time he will be fooled in that way.

The weak point is that not enough is done to give due honor and credit to the good things an exhibitor may have. The jury may be competent to express their reasons for the award, and the society should make it a point to publish far and wide in the meritorious features of the fair The mere fact of a society having awarded fifty cents for a string of onions on exhibition, does not in any way aid horticulture, and the bare announcement of this fact in the society's premiums, which nobody reads, is of no concern to anybody but to Jacob Halloway himself.

Even Jacob is only interested to the extent that it only costs him fifty cents to get the articles there, and that he has made twenty-five cents; besides, gets a free ticket, as an exhibitor, to the fair. We would not abolish money premiums, by any means. We would rather make them larger. But the point is, that it should be only a part of the society's duty to provide for them. As it now is, they are very little, beyond the mere money view, to bring out an exhibit, and this will not excite the enthusiasm necessary to make society a a success."

Mary Anne of St. Lambert 9770.

The following is the report of the recent one week's test of that wonderful cow, Mary Anne of St. Lambert.

The test b gan September 23d, by Walter Rutherford, seeing that 6 30 A. M. of that day the cow was milked dry. The first milking for test was made at 6.30 P. M. of the same day. The cow was milked by Walter Rutherford, and the cow was milk d at 6 30 A. M., and 6 30 P. M., each day up to and including morning of the 30th instano. From 6.30 P. M. of the 29th, as mentioned, milked in the presence of Walter Rutherford each time, and in the presence of Thomas Stokes on the following dates: The 30th at 6.30 P. M., and the morning of the 25th, both milkings of the 26th, both milkings of the 27th, and both milkings of the 28th, the milk produced by the cow at each milking, namely, 6.30 P. M., and from the moment it left the cow's udder until securely locked in a Cooley creamer, in the personal supervision of each of the committee when present, and always under the personal supervision, and within the sight of Walter Rutherford (I, Walter Rutherford, always following close to the pail when taken from the stable to the Cooley creamer) until securely locked in a Cooley creamer, which was fastened with a tape passed through the creamer and through the hasp of the padlock, and sealed by Walter Rutherford with a private seal, and by Walter Rutherford with new padlocks purchased by the committee for this test.

The milk remained in the creamer for thirty hours, and the whole milk was then removed and put into deep cans, which was locked and sealed in the same way as the Cooley creamer, in the presence of both of the committee when both were present, but always in the presence of and by Walter Rutherford. The seal used for this creamer was the same private seal, and the locks were new padlocks purchased by the committee for this express purpose. Before any fresh milk was put into the creamer or before any whole milk was removed, both the creamer and the cans "go down," as they will go, until some new method of rewarding skill is inaugurated. There is practically nothing to exhibit, for what is worth growing is not worth showing. The value of the premiums being generally far below the cost of exhibition,—the honor and credit given still less,—and the influence of the latter on the community very small, that few can bring themselves to a cheerful answer as to the use of exhibiting at all. Instead of exhibitors coming forward willingly, they require pulling in, in a majority of cases, up-hill work for committees to bring them out at all, and it generally ends by the exhibitor vowing it is the last time he will be fooled in that way.

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Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Nov. 13, 1884.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

$2.00 IN ADVANCE; OR $2.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

☞All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date in connection with the subscriber's name will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

☞A subscriber desiring to change his post office direction, or to discontinue his paper, must comunicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to reply with his request.

☞Postage Free to all Subscribers.

Collectors' Notices.

C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in York county during November.

J. W. KELLOGG will call upon our subscribers in Aroostook county, during November and December.

H. H. PRATT, will call upon our subscribers in Somerset county, during November.

THANKSGIVING DAY!

A PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT!

WASHINGTON, Nov. 7, 1884.

By the President of the United States of America, a Proclamation.

The season is nigh when it is yearly the wont of the people to observe a day appointed for that purpose by the President, as a special occasion for thanksgiving unto God.

Now, therefore, in recognition of the hallowed custom, I, Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States, do hereby designate as such day a general thanksgiving, Thursday, the 27th day of this present November, and I do recommend that throughout the land the people, ceasing from their accustomed occupations, do then keep this holiday at their several homes and their several places of worship, and with heart and voice pay reverent acknowledgement to the Giver of all Good for the countless blessings wherewith he hath visited this nation.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done in the city of Washington, this seventh day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty four, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and ninth.

CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

By the President:

FREDK'K T. FRELINGHUYSEN, Secretary of State.

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION.

Our most pleasant religious customs as citizens of a State, are those which originate with our New England ancestors. The important instructions which they gave in the pulpit, in the home and around their best memories, and their early customs have become traditional; especially that of returning thanks after the harvest.

I, therefore, in accordance with this venerated custom and the Proclamation of the President of the United States, by the advice of the Executive Council, do set apart

Thursday, the 27th day of November Inst.

AS A DAY OF

Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

For the manifold blessings of the closing year, let us, as a people, unite in one universal thanksgiving to Him who hath in his mercy watched over us for a nation." Let the hearts of the poor be made glad by the sympathy and bountiful gifts of the more favored. "His tint hath been a bountiful eye shall be blessed, for he giveth of his bread to the poor."

Given at the Council chamber at Augusta, this eighth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-four, and of the Independence of the United States of America the one hundred and ninth.

FREDERICK ROBIE.

By the Governor.

JOSEPH O. SMITH, Secretary of State.

Internal revenue taxation the past year has brought the U. S. government, $121,590,099.

So far as heard from Beiva Lockwood received but one vote. This was thrown in Middlebury, Conn. There is therefore no uncertainty about *her* election.

The Aroostook bee man, G. W. P. Jerrard, shipped 800 lbs. of honey, Saturday. This shipment makes the amount sold by him this season nearly four tons.

A good deal of lumbering will be done in the woods this winter. Supplies are obtained at a very cheap price, and lumbermen are now starting for the woods, full of courage and hope.

President S. L. Holbrook of the Board of Agriculture, together with H. L. Leland of Sangerville, and D. H. Knowlton of the Franklin *Journal*, will be in attendance on the Farmers' Institutes at Easton and Danforth next week.

We regret to learn that Frank H. Converse, a former resident of this State, and a popular writer, has been commanded by his physician to abandon all literary work for a season, owing to serious trouble with his head and eyes.

Payson Tucker, Esq., is ex. xcted to return from Europe in about two weeks. Nothing can be learned of the result of his negotiations there in regard to the steamboat line, and there was probably no foundation for the story.

A singular election bet was made at Norwich, Conn. If Cleveland is elected, William Hartley is to furnish a barouche drawn by a yoke of oxen, harnessed with Williamantic thread, over a line of march comprising the principal streets of the city. If Blaine wins, Frank S. Stuart is to pay for the turnout. The principals in the wager, with two invited guests, are to occupy seats in the barouche.

The publication of the sickening details of prize fights and "slugging" exhibitions by the daily papers, is bearing fruits in developing the brutalising tendencies of the low and dangerous classes. The direct influence is to inflame the passions of men, and to lead to murders like that which has again disgraced the annals of crime in Kennebec county. Let all journalists refuse to publish accounts of these brutalising exhibitions, and there will be a more healthful state of the moral atmosphere.

The disbursing of the funds of the Alabama claims brings great comfort to many of our people in Maine. In the town of Searsport, the other day, the disbursing officer of the government made the people happy by taking to their town $50 000. Some families received the money who had been wealthy during the war, but were found in reduced circumstances. To these the money comes with great relief. One lady, a widow, was extremely poor, and her share of $6,500, came just in the nick of time.

In Saco and Biddeford, the hoodlums have been persecuting the eccentric Salvation Army. One result is the addition of thirteen disciples to the band, who march through the streets singing hallelujah hyms with the original numbers. Political ranters are allowed the fullest liberty of speech, and the same liberty in this free country should be allowed religious ranters. While men are allowed to parade the streets with music, fireworks and torch-lights, no objection should be made to allowing a few innocent Salvationists, intent on good to their fellow men, parading the streets and holding their public meetings, without fear or molestation.

The annual report of the Eastern R. R. Co. to the railroad commissioners for the year ending Sept. 30, shows a total income of $3,571,894; total expenses, $2,307,586; net income, $1,264,093; surplus, $173,785. Last year's report showed a deficit of nearly $9,000,000, which was due to the fact that the action of the directors several years ago greatly reduced the valuation, to show that the property was not sufficient to meet the bonded debt of the company. The present board have reversed this action. Number of passengers carried during the year, 7 905,853; tons of freight carried, 1 816,702; passengers killed, 3; injured, 11; employes killed, 4; injured, 9; others killed, 26; injured, 17.

Harry Moor, a well known journalist of Pascagoula, Fla., died lately, leaving a will, in which was the following: "I desire that my body be dressed in reasonable apparel and placed on its back with a pillow under its head, etc., etc., in a sapling pen sufficiently close to keep out a mink, and with a good roof standing but one way; bottle of water on each side tightly corked, a door in the pen fastened on the inside with a latch without any string to it. There I wish to be left for forty days and nights. If, after that time, any one chooses to bury me they can do so if they are certain I am dead, beside my father, or in the graveyard at Bermuda, but I don't enjoin it upon any one to bury me at all." It is evident that the testator wished every precaution to be taken as to burying him alive.

The Long Evenings.

We write this by the light of the evening lamp, and the generous glow of an open fire; and as we do so, our thoughts go out to the readers of the *Farmer*, stimulating a desire to take a look into the homes of each. The haze of early autumn has departed, and we have come to the season when dark clouds chase each other across a frowning sky; the lengthening shadows tell of the early decline of the crisp Indian summer, and the members of the household gather early about the evening lamp. The enjoyment and profit of well spent evenings furnish a fair equivalent for the loss of the long days so instilled with solid hours of labor. "After warfare cometh rest," and we hail these evenings of glad reunion at the hearthstone and around the evening lamp for the rest and recreation and happy home comforts they bring in their train. The sweetest picture on "memory's wall," is a family enjoying the unalloyed comforts of home, after the twilight shadows have fallen, and the lamps are lightedin the cosy sitting room. If an open fire shed sits flickering light on the whitened ceiling, and plays with the shadows on the walls, the pleasurableness of the scene is even more augmented. The dear old grandfather, whose white head is to him a crown of glory and of honor, sits in the corner, repeating the well worn nursery rhymes to the curly-headed little boy, who, tired of its toys, has climbed to the old man's knees. The mother having "done" the "supper things," has thrown aside the checkered apron, and sits by the table queen of the royal realm. The father is there, who from the occurrences of the day is perhaps narrating interesting incidents, listening to the record made by each member of the group, from the happy children who gather lovingly about him, entering into all their f elings and experiences, and enforcing moral lessons as opportunity offers. Exacting tasks should never be brought to this evening hour. The cares of the day should be thrown off entirely, and without reserve. These hours before the slumber of night, should be so gladsome and sunny, as to send the old folks and young folks off to bed with plenty of material for happy dreams, and not the least stock in trade with which to fit out a night-mare. The day has been full of activities; let the evening be hallowed by the sweetest of all restful influences. Men and women in every vocation of life are victims of overworked and overwrought brain and body; their f ces are written all over with the lines of anxious thought, and the marks of the terrible earnestness with which the hard workers of our country pursue their career. Young men und r this constantly working trip-hammer become prematurely old, with care-worn, haggard faces, and sunken eyes; the victims of overwork and over-worry may be counted by the thousands. We have known a man so intent after a dollar, and pursued it so closely day and night, that his very complexion become yellow like gold. Men and women whose minds are kept on this constant strain, follow the example of a celebrated Scotch scholar who, when urged not to study ten hours a day during an attack of fever, coolly replied, "Whether I am to live or die the wheel must go round to the last." And go it did, but he died in his thirty-sixth year, a victim to his own folly. It was unceasing work that hurried Sir Walter Scott to the grave bef re his time. "Would that I were a tailor, for then I should have a Sunday's holiday," said Weber, the great musician, who died prematurely from excessive study. It was the intense mental labor for seven days in the week which ended the life of Henry J. Raymond, the brilliant journalist, at the early age of forty-nine. For the same reason hundreds break down every year when the faculties of mind and body should be in the highest vigor. Many a person who has carefully disobeyed the laws of nature finds himself in the physical bankrupt. It was said that Sir Philip Sidney was advised by a friend not to neglect his health lest he should resemble a traveller who, during a long journey, attends to himself but not to his horse. Is not this homely advice particularly applicable to hundreds of business and professional men, who let life slip through their fingers with little happiness or comfort, in their greed for wealth or position? "Every American," says a famous Englishman, "looks as if his eyes were glaring into the far west and the future."

In the midst of this grinding care and exacting labor, come in the evenings around the evening lamp and within the charmed circle of home; and our thankfulness for it will be in proportion to the wise uses we make of it. Let exacting labor and the distractions of the day be laid aside, and these precious evening hours be devoted to smoothing out the furrows of care, plucking out the sharp briers of toil, and restoring the mind, soul and body to the condition of youth, taking off in a measure this intense strain that men and women subject themselves to in the race of life.

Pleasant reading may be enjoyed around the evening lamp. The question of hurtful reading is just now receiving considerable attention from the public press, and the hope is expressed that the prominence given to the subject will have at least the effect of calling the attention of parents to the trashy and vicious literature indulged in by their children, and which is one of the most alarming evils of the time. A bad book, a bad picture, or newspaper is as dangerous to a child as a vicious companion, and will as surely corrupt his morals and lead him away from the path of safety.

Every parent should ret this thought clearly before his mind and ponder it well. Look to what your children read, and especially to the kind of papers that get into their hands, for scores of weekly papers are now published with attractive, sensacus illustrations that are as hurtful to young and innocent souls as poison is to a healthful body. Many of these papers have attained a large circulation, and are sowing broadcast the seeds of vice and crime. Trenching on the very borders of indecency, they corrupt the morals, taint the imagination, and allure the weak and unguarded from the paths of innocence. The dangers to young persons from this cause were never so great as at this time; and every father and mother should be on their guard against an enemy that is sure to meet their child. Look to it that your children are kept as free as possible from this taint. Highly valuable as these hours around the evening lamp will be looked forward to as the bright green oasis in the sandy desert, and made to constitute a helpful element to our true and pure New England homes.

Still in Suspense.

Although the election was more than a week ago, we cannot this week definitely announce who will be the next President and Vice President of the United States. On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, the streets were filled with men wearing anxious faces, who stopped almost every one they met to inquire, "What's the latest?" "Anything new?" and other similar questions.

We desire to give the facts as near as we understand them. The democrats have certainly carried the following States:

States.	Pluralities.	Electors.
Alabama,	30,000	10
Arkansas,	15,000	7
Connecticut,	1,200	6
Delaware,	3,000	3
Florida,	4,000	4
Georgia,	50,000	12
Indiana,	3,000	15
Kentucky,	35,000	13
Louisiana,	15,000	8
Maryland,	10,000	8
Mississippi,	30,000	9
Missouri,	70 000	16
New Jersey,	2,500	9
North Carolina,	8,000	11
South Carolina,	50,000	9
Tennessee,	14,000	12
Texas,	100,000	13
Virginia,	9,000	12
West Virginia,	2,000	6
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The republicans have certainly carried the following States:

States.	Pluralities.	Electors.
California,	8,000	8
Colorado,	8,500	3
Illinois,	35,126	22
Iowa,	25,000	13
Kansas,	60,000	9
Maine,	20,000	6
Massachusetts,	24,000	14
Michigan,	2,000	13
Minnesota,	33,000	7
Nebraska,	30,000	5
Nevada,	1,000	3
New Hampshire,	4,500	4
Ohio,	21,000	23
Oregon,	1,500	3
Pennsylvania,	80,000	30
Rhode Island,	6,000	4
Vermont,	23,500	4
Wisconsin,	10,000	11
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New York, with its 36 electoral votes, is in doubt, and whichever candidate has secured them is elected. The total vote of the electoral college is 401, and the number of votes necessary to a choice is 201. The State is very close, both parties claiming it—the republicans by some 1000 plurality, and the democrats by some 1200 plurality. So confident were the democrats that they had carried the State, on Friday the national committee put forth a proclamation claiming the election, and ordering celebrations, which took place on that day and evening. The next day, (Saturday) the republican national committee issued a circular, announcing the belief that Mr. Blaine has a plurality of several hundred votes in New York. They say "If Mr. Cleveland shall be found to have a plurality of even one vote, a prompt acquiescence will follow from the republicans of the United States. If Mr. Blaine shall be found to have a plurality of only one vote, the same prompt acquiescence will be expected from the democrats of the United States."

The result in New York, which is to decide the Presidential contest, is now to be determined by the regularly constituted authorities. On Tuesday, the county canvassing boards in the several counties of the State, met at the sixty county seats to open the returns from the several election precints, and canvass the votes cast for presidential electors. Both parties are represented before each board by eminent counsel, who will carefully scrutinize the returns, each watching with an eagle eye. Wm. M. Evarts is at the head of the republican counsel, and Roscoe Conkling at the head of the democratic counsel. The canvass is now in progress, and despatches from various county seats state that the public interest is simply intense, particularly in counties where errors and frauds are alleged.

In view of these contingencies and possibilities, in view of all the questions to be examined and weighed, and the votes in sixty counties carefully counted and the returns made up, it is the duty of every patriot and lover of his country to keep perfectly cool, and discourage all incendiary talk and boastful proclamations, and when the result is reached and officially announced to quietly acquiesce.

DESTRUCTION OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN CHINA. Chinese mobs have been committing fearful outrages on persons and places of Christian worship at Canton and interior points. In the Province of Kwang Tung alone, four Roman Catholic and five Protestant churches have been destroyed, 130 houses of resident Christians looted and their occupants driven away. At Nam Hoi three Catholic chapels were pilliged, and were also the houses of converts. The priests and the converts were beaten and the females outraged. At Shi Hung the Church of England chapel was destroyed, the Chinese tore the clothing from the preacher's wife, and treated her shamefully. At Chant Sung the Wesleyan chapel was destroyed. Christians are fleeing from the province to Hong Kong. The Chinese gave them the alternative of sacrificing to the idols or leaving their homes. They preferred the latter, but with leaving many of the women were caught and outraged. The authorities of twelve Cantonese villages have issued notices that all Christians must leave. Fifteen churches in those villages have already been destroyed and several stores looted. Many persons are homeless. Although the attention of the Chinese Government has been called to these barbarious acts, no action has been taken to prevent them or to punish the perpetrators. At Kite-Yung a mob visited both the Roman Catholic and English churches. At Swatow the Catholic priests were ordered to leave, and after they had left Chinese soldiers broke into the houses and ravished the female converts. News has reached Shanghai from Pekin that Mr. Bagnall, a colporteur of the American Bible Society, has been murdered in the Province of Shan Tung.

WILL OF THE LATE HOLLIS MOORE. The will of Hollis Moore, late of Boston, filed in the Suffolk county probate court, contains the following public bequests: To the General Hospital at Portland, $2500 for free beds; the Maine Congregational Missionary Society, $2500; the Methodist aged and infirm ministers in Maine, $1000; Maine Home Mission, $2000; Maine General Hospital, Portland, Me., $1000; Old Ladies' Home, Portland, Me., $500; Congregational church at Lowell Village, Me., $1000; Congregational church, South Paris, Me., $1000; Methodist church, Gilead, Me., $1300, subject to the condition that from that amount there shall be placed on the steeple of the church a town clock and whatever surplus after that shall go to the society; South Paris cemetery, $1000; Congregational church at Craig's Mills, Oxford county, Me., $800; Methodist church, same place, $500; Congregational church at Norway Village, Me., $200; Maine Home Missionary Society, $2000. Large sums are given to other charitable and religious societies. These and other legacies are to be paid after the individual legacies are paid in full.

One of the finest newspaper annuals is that issued by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia, for 1884. It is a book of nearly 1000 pages, is elegantly bound, and contains a vast amount of information relative to American newspapers in all parts of the country. Messrs. Ayer & Son are live advertising men, and their Annual is a good illustration of their success and enterprise.

Monday evening as Fred Murray, aged 33, Fred Granger, aged about 35, and Edward Cummings, house painters, were crossing the Boston and Albany Railroad at Allston, Mass., on their return from work, Murray and Granger were struck by the F. M. outward express and instantly killed. Cummings narrowly escaped. Granger is believed to have relatives in Waterville, Me.

Mr. Robert J. Burdette, of the Burlington *Hawkeye*, has given the Baptist chapel, of Merion Square, Pa., a bell, in memory of his wife. Mrs. Burdette often expressed the desire that no costly monument should be erected over her grave, but that her life should be commemorated by some useful gift.

Another Murder.

On proceeding to their places of business, early Tuesday morning, the people of Augusta were shocked with the news that murder had been committed. A man named Harry Burns, shot and fatally wounded Rufus R. Lishness, a police officer of Augusta, while in the discharge of his duty. The scene of this atrocious crime was on Bowman street, just at the east end of the Kennebec bridge. Here exists a low neighborhood, where swrangles and midnight brawls frequently occur, where there is a good deal of drunkenness. It is, in fact, one of the worst quarters of the city, and the services of the police are often in demand. Harry Burns and his wife lived in a portion of the building known as the "old Fort." Shortly before three o'clock Tuesday morning, Mrs. Randall, one of the occupants of the building, ran to the police station and announced that Burns was making a disturbance, and she was desirous that it might be quelled. Accordingly officers Rufus R. Lishness and Arthur S. Baker accompanied her across the bridge and to the fort. Approaching the outside door of Burns' tenement, they attempted to gain entrance. But the door resisted their efforts. Burns meanwhile was heard raving inside, warning them not to come in. Finding that the door was fastened, Mr. Lishness proceeded to the window at the right, raised the sash and thrust his head inside. Hardly had he done so when there came the report of a revolver, and the officer dropped backwards to the ground, the blood gushing from his head. Mr. Baker exclaimed, "My God, Lishness, are you shot?" The wounded man replied that he was badly hurt. His brother officer ran to his support, and he managed to stagger to his feet. At first Baker supported him, but he finally walked to the police station without aid. Arriving there the unfortunate man began to sink and was soon unconscious, his last words being, "I did my duty, didn't I?" It was found that the bullet had penetrated the head, entering the top vertically, two inches above and the same distance in the rear of the right ear. The missile passed through both bones of the skull, and the physician after probing two inches was unable to find it. Mr. Lishness lingered in an insensible condition until 3.40 o'clock in the afternoon, when he died.

On information being received that Lishness was shot, Marshal Farrington and policeman Bruce arrested Burns, finding him locked in the house with a pistol in his hand, which he pointed at them. Both men sprang towards him and grabbing Burns, succeeded after a struggle in extricating the weapon from his grasp. He was then taken to jail. The prisoner was arraigned for murder in the municipal court in the afternoon. He waived examination and was bound over to the December term of the Superior. County Attorney Haynes appeared for the government, and H. M. Heath for the respondent.

Burns, the murderer, is a drunken fellow, and at the time of the dark deed was under the influence of liquor of his own manufacture. He is 65 years of age, a native of Ireland, and was formerly an inmate of the Soldiers' Home.

We have known the murdered man, Rufus R. Lishness for twenty years, and gladly testify to his worth as a man and a citizen. He will be remembered by many as being employed on the highways during the administration of Mr. Cobb as street commissioner. He was a faithful workman and conscientious man. His age was 45, and he leaves a wife and six children.

Maine Mutes at Hartford.

Hon. W. W. Bolster of Auburn, with another member of the governor's council, returned Friday, from an extended visit in New Jersey, and stopped at Hartford, Connecticut, on their way home. The Hartford Courant of Friday says:

Following are the details of the event: At 11.30 Bair came out behind the Queen and gave her warning up mile 1 in 2m¾. The condition as near which the performance took place was written in a record book: "Maud S. will start to beat her own record of 2.08¾, and should the heat be made over Woodburn Farm, where she was bred, will commemorate the achievement by awarding to her, through the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, a cup with the time made by her engraved thereon." Bair jogged the mare around the track, went to the head of the stretch, came down and nodded for the word. Maud S. did not make a single mistake. The time of the first quarter was 33½, and the half mile 1.04; the three-quarter pole was reached in 1.37, and here Mr. Bowerman joined her with a runner hitched to a sulky. The finish was strong, and the judges stopped their watches at 2.09½. A majority of outside watches made the time 2.09. The scene when the Queen returned to the stand for Bair to weigh was indescribable. The cowers that filled the quarter stretch cheered until their throats were husky. It was the greatest performance of the kind ever witnessed, and the Kentuckians shouted as only Kentuckians can. Mr. Bonner was congratulated on every side. When Grant (the colored groom) was conducting the mare down the lawn, scores of ladies gathered around and asked for the privilege of touching her on the nose. Mr. Bonner's first congratulatory dispatch was to Mr. Vanderbilt. The mare will now be turned out for the winter.

A pea was removed from the ear of a Milwaukee citizen a few days ago, after having remained there over 60 years. When a boy he tried to imitate a juggler by putting a pea in his ear, supposing it would come out of his mouth, but the trick failed and the pea stuck fast, despite all efforts to remove it.

President Arthur has designated Thursday, *Nov.* 27th, as Thanksgiving Day. Governor Robie has appointed the same day.

Editor's Table.

WIDE AWAKE for November is remarkable for the excellence of its short stories, among them the story of a boy who was obliged to do a noble, self-sacrificing deed by the laws of his own nature; a humorous account of a Yankee boy who studied natural philosophy until he was able to construct a Yankee Doodle fence; one about the little crippled Count of Reichenau, who lived in the tenth century and wrote the hymn beloved by all Christendom, "Come, Holy Spirit," and a true account of a little Boston baby and her wonderful courage in undergoing a painful surgical operation. There is a mass of other matter of interesting reading.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston, we have the following books:

"Pretty Lucy Marwyn," by Mary Lakeman (a blind lady). Its dedication: "To all who have helped and comforted me under the calamity of darkened sight, and especially to those without whose words of cheer I could have groped my way through so many pages."

"Perseverance Island," or the Robinson Crusoe of the nineteenth century. By Douglass Frazar. Illustrated. This story proves the limitless ingenuity and inventive genius of man, and portrays the works and achievements of a castaway, who, though thrown naked on a desert island, is able by the use of brains and hands to surpass all the achievements of his predecessors.

"Square and Compasses," or Building th House. By Oliver Optic. With illustrations. This is an additional number to the Boat-Builder series, and from the well known ability of the author, needs not a word of comment.

"Flaxie Growing Up." By Sophia May, the popular Maine authoress. This is another of this interesting series, which is so popular.

"Chats," now talked of this and then of that. By G. Hamlen.

"Vocal Gymnastics-Language, Culture and Expression." By E. N. Kirby, teacher of Elocution in Lynn high schools. A book that every teacher and scholar should desire to have.

All the above books are for sale in Augusta, by J. Frank Pierce.

Maine Agricultural News.

—There will be a meeting of the Penobscot Farmers' Club, at Advent Chapel, North Herman, on Wednesday, Nov. 19th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Subject, "What methods shall the farmers adopt to increase the fertility of their farms?" All interested in agricultural pursuits are cordially invited to attend.

—At the annual meeting of the Bristol Agricultural Society, held Saturday, Nov. 1st, the following officers were chosen: Chas. B. Woodward, President; James W. Coggan, James W. Partridge, Wm. M. Clark, Vice Presidents; Albert H. Keene, Secretary; Albert H. Keene, Treasurer; Everett Sproul, General Agent. Voted, that all persons who enter oxen for drawing at the fairs shall prove to the satisfaction that they have owned the oxen 30 days previous to the fair. Voted, that the treasurer take up the scrip of the society to the amount of $175. The treasurer's report showed $42 in the treasury.

—The East Winthrop farmers met at the school house recently, and with W. H. Parlin as chairman of the meeting, chose a committee of three to draught a constitution and by-laws, under which a farmers' club has been organized.

—Mr. Jacob Cary, Topsham, plants Carter's Improved Rural Beauts. Last year the price being 2 cents per lb., he took $200 from one acre's yield of turnips. This year the price is only 1 cent per lb. He planted about one and one half acres with turnips, and his estimated yield is not far from 12 tons; the vegetables are as fair and bright as they have ever seen, and are taking a premium at the late Topsham fair. He broke ground last spring, a week before planting, and paid $20 for the rock weed with which the one and a half acre was dressed.

—Capt. Volney A. Gray of Dover, raised on three-fou ths of an acre, thirty-four bushels perfectly clean wheat, of the Canada Club variety. This is a large yield.

—Mr. Frank Hayes of Chelsea, threshed 80 bushels of oats for J. H. Yeaton, in two hours with one of Heebner & Son's Little Giant threshers; the 80 hours running time, he threshed 103 bushels of oats and 97 bushels of barley.

—GENTLEMEN: I have a colt two years old the eleventh day of last June, that weighs 1,215 lbs. Any of your subscribers can beat that, would be pleased to hear from them through the columns of the *Maine Farmer*.

Yours,
H. P. CROCKETT.

Kingman, Nov. 7, 1884.

Farming Notes.

Farmers of Foxcroft and adjoining towns having subscribed stock and pledged cows in sufficient amount and number to warrant further action, met at Foxcroft, Nov. 7, and proceeded to organize a comany for the manufacture of butter. The following were elected officers: H. L. Leland, President; Geo. Pillsbury, address, Sangerville; C. C. Nichols, Secretary, Foxcroft; E. B. Beale, Guilford, G. F. Dunham, Foxcroft, A. F. Lowell, Sangerville, Directors; B. B. Vaughan, Foxcroft, Treasurer; Nathaniel Gray, Foxcroft, Collector.

C. A. Howard of East Sangerville, has a farm on which he husked, by hand, machine measure, giving 109 bushels per acre, legal weight. Wm. Downs of Sebec grew 185 bushels of nice clean wheat on five acres the present season.

H. L. LELAND.

MAINE RELIGIOUS NEWS. A Universalist parish has been organi ed in Buckfield.

—Rev. G. R. Barstow has closed his labors with the Baptist church at Alna.—Rev. E. K. Drew of West Hampden, who has been very sick, is slowly recovering.—A Baptist church of sixteen members was formed at Cape Elizabeth, Nov. 10th. This new church has a house of worship in process of erection.—Rev. Jas. Heath is making arrangements to supply pastorless churches in the Hancock association during a part of this winter, says the *American*. He will preach in Marisville the first Sunday of each month; in Cherryfield, Orland, Portland, a series of extremely interesting meetings are being held. A large number have been converted.—George Edward Upton has accepted a pastor of the 3d Baptist church at South Jefferson, on Wednesday, Oct. 29. The religious meetings which have been recently held in that place have been very successful. A deep interest has been manifested. There have been some conversions and the interest seems to continue.—D. L. Moody has replies to the invitation of the Christian workers of Bangor, to visit that city: "For the present I think my work in New England is done. I cannot say when I can take it up again. If I should find it feasible to visit Maine this winter I shall bear your letter in mind."—Rev. Dr. Boardman, pastor of the Tabernacle church, Philadelphia, has received $21,000 for the church edifice, which recently graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, has decided to enter the ministry of the Unitarian denomination

SUPREME JUDICIAL COURT. This court met at the court house in the city, Tuesday, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, Judge Danforth presiding. The following gentlemen were in attendance as jurors: Stephen H. Abbott, Benton, William Abbott, Vassalboro, James E. Ashford, Windsor, Alvin Bickford, Pittston, William Carr, Clinton, Luther A. Church and L. J. Wall, Augusta, Fred S. Clay, Edmund Strause and Amos W. Farnham, Waterville, S. Fuller, Winslow, Caleb Graves, Sidney, E. D. Haley and Benjamin Johnson, Gardiner (excused), H. H. Leavitt, Winthrop, Phineas Morrill, Readfield, C. E. Winslow, Oakland. Fuller, Winslow, The jury was organized with L. J. Wall of Augusta, as foreman. James Devine vs. Maine Central R. R. Co. This is an action to recover a balance on account of services and materials furnished from 1865 to 1882, for the property now owned by the Devine Water Co. Verdict for the defendants.

CATS AND BABIES. Last Tuesday evening, at Bath Superintendent Ramsey and his wife were startled by shrieks from the chamber where their little daughter was sleeping. They rushed in and found a large cat comfortably established upon the little girl's breast engaged in sucking her breath. The horrified shrieks of the child did not disturb puss, who remained where she was until seized by Mr. Ramsey and dashed to the floor. Then there was more shrieks, and the parents endeavored to pacify the child who was very weak from the cat's operations. Puss was afterwards found, trying, in spite of rough usage received, to return to the child by the back stairs. The cat was a very large, strange one, and probably entered by the sitting room window, which had been left open during the evening. Mr. Ramsey believes that had he and his wife arrived ten minutes later the child would have been suffocated.

From Weeks & Potter, Wholesale Druggists and Importers, Boston.

"Mr. F. W. KINSMAN: We must have some more Adamson's Balsam, for they do say that it is the best thing out. Please send us ten gross immediately by freight.

"Yours very respectfully,
"WEEKS & POTTER"

To make shoe pegs enough for American use consumes annually 100,000 cords of timber, and to make lucifer matches, 300,000 cubic feet of the best pine are required every year.

Mrs. Eliza Garfield, mother of the late President Garfield, is in a critical condition, and little hopes are entertained of her recovery.

For the Maine Farmer.

Dedication of Topsham Grange Hall.

Topsham Grange, No. 37, was organized September 19th, 1874, by Worthy State Master Nelson Ham, of Lewiston, with twenty-three-charter members. It was the second Grange organized in the county, Sagadahoc Grange, No. 31, of Bowdoin, being the first, and which has been extinct for many years. Topsham Grange was organized in the "Oak Hill" school house, met from place to place until November, when it finally located in the brick school house on the Bowdoinham road, and near the northeast border of the village. Here it continued to meet until about one year, when the school house being needed for school purposes, the Grange removed its headquarters to the house of Bro. Given Jameson in west part of the town, where it has met quite regularly during the past year, and where plans were matured and put into operation that have resulted in the erection and completion of the new hall.

Given Jameson was the first master of Topsham Grange, and the late Alpheus L. Graves, its first secretary. In April, 1875, the Grange purchased two hundred dollars worth of goods and has ever since carried on a Grange trade to a limited extent. Worthy Bro. U. A. Jack was elected master for 1876, also for 1877. Bro. A. L. Graves was elected master for 1878 and Bro. W. S. Rogers, secretary, and also same officers for 1879. Bro. T. H. Sprague was elected master for 1880, also for 1881. Bros. Sprague and Rogers were master and secretary. For 1882, Bro. Charles T. Pitten was elected master and Bro. C. F. Edgecomb elected secretary. The same officers were re-elected for 1883. For 1884, Bro. W. S. Rogers was elected master, and C. F. Edgecomb secretary.

On Wednesday, April 2nd, 1884, the building of the new hall was begun. The Grange had become an incorporated body, and purchased a desirable place of land on the west side of Topsham village for sixty dollars, and having ample room and convenient horse stalls. The building is 35x30 feet, with 21 feet posts. It is well built, mostly by volunteer labor, the cutting of the timber, the sawing into boards, etc. In language closely approximating that told by the teacher. It seemed wonderful. It was a harvest month in Topsham, and eyes were bright and the pupils' countenances were full of earnestness. In the school, articulation and lip reading are taught and practiced, and the fond parents hope of success in this way. The system of the school, however, is the method of manual instruction. The following is the list of pupils now in the school: Isaac A. Brown, Rockland; Felham S. Creamer, South Waldoboro'; John F. Flynn, Bangor; Louis Hanson, Camden; George H. Hall, Rockland; Thomas H. Henderson, Littleton; Ernest McIntyre, Warren; Millie A. Mooers, Milo; Edmund Page, Burlington; Charles A. Riggs, North Sandwich, N. H.; Ernest Sanborn, East Sanborn, East Jackson; Dana B. Taylor, Wells; Fannie H. Butterfield, Waterville; H. V. Cottle, West Athens; Emma R. Berry, Lincolnville; Frederick O. Bird, Gray, Hodgdon; Anna E. Hopkins, Augusta; Geneva Nadeau, Houlton; Oriana F. Piper, Thomaston; Kate E. Russell, Lower Cove, Bangor; Belle Sanborn, East Sanborn, East Jackson; Dana B. Taylor, Wells; Annie B. Upton, Bethel; Daisy Whitehouse, Liberty.

The governor and council were highly pleased with all of the wards of the State. It was pronounced by them a wonderful exhibition. Messrs. Bolster and Cornish, who visited the Maine Deaf Mute school, are of the opinion that the school surpasses the Maine institutions in many ways. The pupils in the school will be radically different as they graduate. The Rev. Mr. Gallaudet's family system. Boys are not sentenced to the reform school at first, as by the latter state, but are temporarily committed. They may be taken back to the court and sentenced for incorrigibility. The school in New Jersey has over 300 boys. The farm is one of 100 acres. It is divided into six families or communities, each presided over by a man and wife. There is no restraint upon the boys to keep them from running away, except the fear of being caught after they leave the farm. The environs are as free as on a father's farm Councillor Bolster saw many points of advantage in the New Jersey constitution over our own in this State. Some recommendation and possible changes will outgrow from the visit to the New Jersey institution.

MAUD S. LOWERS HER RECORD. At the fair grounds in Lexington, Ky., Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of a large audience, Maud S. lowered her record by 2¾ seconds, making it 2.08¾. The following are the details of the event: At 11.30 Bair came out behind the Queen and gave her warning up mile 1 in 2m¾. The condition as near which the performance took place was written in a record book: "Maud S. will start to beat her own record of 2.08¾, and should the heat be made over Woodburn Farm, where she was bred, will commemorate the achievement by awarding to her, through the Kentucky Trotting Horse Breeders' Association, a cup with the time made by her engraved thereon." Bair jogged the mare around the track, went to the head of the stretch, came down and nodded for the word. Maud S. did not make a single mistake. The time of the first quarter was 33½, and the half mile 1.04; the three-quarter pole was reached in 1.37, and here Mr. Bowerman joined her with a runner hitched to a sulky. The finish was strong, and the judges stopped their watches at 2.09½. A majority of outside watches made the time 2.09. The scene when the Queen returned to the stand for Bair to weigh was indescribable. The crowds that filled the quarter stretch cheered until their throats were husky. It was the greatest performance of the kind ever witnessed, and the Kentuckians shouted as only Kentuckians can. Mr. Bonner was congratulated on every side. When Grant (the colored groom) was conducting the mare down the lawn, scores of ladies gathered around and asked for the privilege of touching her on the nose. Mr. Bonner's first congratulatory dispatch was to Mr. Vanderbilt. The mare will now be turned out for the winter.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Trip to the West.

The west! Where is the west? We travelled nearly two thousand miles, and still they talked of going west. Wherever you go towards that point of the compass, you find the west is still further on, to the shores of the Pacific.

We went to see "the children." Many of your readers can sympathize with us, whose families have grown up, left the home nest, and scattered abroad.

"They grew in childhood side by side,
They filled one house with glee;
Their homes are scattered far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea."

Mrs. Hemans will excuse us for altering a word here and there in her poetry to fit it to our case.

We stopped in Boston all night, in order to ride through western Massachusetts by the Boston and Albany railroad in the day time. Most of the way from Boston to Worcester is like a continuation of Boston out into the country, with occasional intervening spaces of forest, lake and cultivated land. One does not obtain a fair view of a large city like Worcester by riding through it by rail. We could see handsome houses, large manufactories, and some public buildings. The cars sped on. From Worcester to Springfield is a picturesque country, with occasional glimpses of Connecticut river valley, with very little view of it, we soon entered upon the hills and mountains of Berkshire county. The railroad winds along the valleys and ravines which divide the mountain slopes. The landscape is diversified by hills in every possible shape, most of them wooded to the summit, or broken by cliffs of rugged rock, yet here and there exhibiting handsome villages, smiling valleys of arable land, and many farm buildings. What hand of industry

City News.

veland Club went to Portland o help their brethren celebrate.

rgarten pupil, in care of the of Schools, came along last ght, eleven pounds.

undred barrels of apples for England, and 100 bales of ics for London were a portion at of the Delia Collins, Monday.

B. Capen should feel a just success he has had in building ro College, and establishing it basis it now holds.

se of polo at the Capital rink ening, between the Greenwoods and the Capitals of Augusta, ally a "walk over" for the

meeting of the board of alder- committee on new streets re- they had laid out Florence and reets according to the Stacy

I. Plummer is having radical l improvements made on his corner of Sewall and Court e work is being done by Mr.

day night, the house and stable w, on Willow street, were par- yed by fire. The furniture was he house, and the horse out of Loss $1000; fully insured.

eral days we have had a touch eather, the thermometer stand- esday morning at 20 degrees. e a good deal of solidity and ing formed during the night.

V. Soule is preparing an exhibit cts of the Insane Hospital farm Orleans Exposition. It will ude potatoes, grains, seeds, etc., such as are not perishable. will be forwarded at once.

alarm of fire, Friday afternoon, ut 4 o'clock, and was brought wds of people who were sum- the bulletin boards, where canning the election returns. was caused by a brush pile burn- st side of the river.

ocrats of this city had a cele- rday noon, by the ringing of firing of cannon. They pro- a more elaborate celebration ll's week, it it is ascertained for that they have triumphed in

C. Stevens, of Oakland, who for been employed on the edi- of the *Daily Journal*, has sev- nection with that paper. He is his journalistic experience which he has shown con- lity.

the good movements of the e city is that for the organiza- Monday Club, for mutual im- and diffusion. This is after clubs in other cities, where gether on Mondays, to discuss of the various discourses on ious, and for mutual improve- pastors have all agreed that nasiaging service should be Universalist church.

C. C. Hovey, cabinet maker in lled very suddenly yesterday. ing he was in his usual health. at his bench in the furniture at of C. H. Hovey & Co. at 6 o'clock in the forenoon, he n with paralysis, his entire ing affected, and was taken at house on Melville street, where in an unconscious condition ck in the afternoon, when he lovey was a quiet gentleman was 69 years old. He was greatly re- e was about sixty years of age, wife and two children.

an W. Murphy, pastor of St. ch in this city, has been ap- General of the diocese of ery Rev. Father Murphy was are connected with the Port- ral and labored hard for its r he was also stationed at St. urch, and in 1880 was Rector edral. He built a beautiful ngor where he lived several ere he was in the sixteenth and con- l. Father Murphy is universally he entire community, and his m Augusta would be deeply all our people.

ng the week of prayer, estab- throughout the country by the U. S. nations, it is observed by the n this city in union services. evening sermons were preached ev. Mr. Soule, at the Methodist. Sunday evening, the subject expectation is from God;" at the Monday evening, the subject mother's cry;" at the Unitarian vestry, Tuesday evening, deliverance through a strip- nesday evening, the regular the different churches. On evening, services at the Metho- subject "Importunity prevails;" ing, at the First Baptist lecture- ase too hard for the Lord;" evening, at Association Hall, e—which is mine?"

ilton Smith of Boston, is a dis- tleman. He visited Augusta and discovered a number of One he tried, and that was jail hat was too much for him, and ir his pants, a pathetic ion to the city government to foot caught in a broken place, me heading down the ing under the gate, utterly ex- expensive pair of pantaloons." o brings in a bill of damages s, and for other injuries sus- if it is in order to bring a for damaged clothing, boots, on account of our hills, the d it up-hill business to raise to liquidate the same. s of people who are waiting mination of Mr. Smith's case.

al accident occurred yesterday 5 o'clock. Mr. Eben Hutch- on, were driving down Bridge his mother and sister in the n his horse became frightened er at the top of Bridge hill. The ge was upset and the ladies ichins was unable to have any hatever over the animal. He rn the hill, at the foot of which ck struck a passing team, rain, killing him instantly, and persons were thrown with ence from the carriage. ichins, who is about 60 years of ly injured about the head and ose being broken, and blood ely. She will recover. The Mrs. Elia Barrill, a lady of ll probably die, she having re- e internal injuries. Her mind ng when we saw her, shortly ney. The report was unani- epted and adopted.

Items of Maine News.

The North Lubec Packing Co. has shut down until another season or better prospects.

There is a fever raging in Milo, of a very malignant type. Nearly every case is proving fatal.

A bond valued at $1,200, was recently stolen from a chest in the rooms of Rufus Nason of West Parsonfield.

Men in the workshops of the Grand Trunk Railroad are to have their wages reduced 8 per cent.

Mr. Charles Merryman at work on the Winslow, House, Brunswick, on Monday fell from a staging, broke one arm, and sprained the other.

Nathan McKenney of Wiscasset, lost a fine ox one day last week; the cause of his death was Paris green which was left near the potato patch last spring.

Geo. N., son of James L. Knowlton of Liberty, about 8 years old, Friday forenoon lost his right eye, which was destroyed by a kick from a horse he was leading.

George Magoon, of Crawford, has killed ten bears this season. His only weapon is a small axe. He never carries a gun and has not thus far met with any accident.

Mrs. Caroline Fickett, of Monroe Centre, about forty years of age, Thursday morning committed suicide by drowning. Family troubles were supposed to be the cause.

Hunters report deer numerous on the Narraguagus this season, and several parties have already secured the number to which the laws of the State limit them.

The wife of Captain Traynor, the Bath navigator who started to cross the ocean in a dory, says that she has had no word from her husband for forty-two days, and fears he is lost.

It is said that only two children have died in Robbinston during the past four years, and that only two buildings in the place have been destroyed by fire in thirty-four years.

Herring came ashore on Wells beach recently in such numbers that the tide left about an acre covered, and in some places five feet deep. One farmer got sixty cartloads to put on his land.

Saturday, Percy V. Bowker, ten years old, son of Capt. Bowker, Westport, took his dory and started out for pleasure, but in going around a turn in the river the boat was upset and he was drowned.

The order of Good Templars are putting in some telling work organizing in the State. Secretary Brackett of Belfast, reports he has chartered ten new lodges during the past ten days and expects to add fifty by Jan. 1, 1885.

Benson W. Brown of East Wilton, was severely injured by being jammed between the barn and a load which the oxen were backing. Two ribs were broken, which caused so hard a cough the lungs that breathing was very difficult.

There was a large fall of earth in one of the Monson slate quarries last week. A large mass of rocks and soil that had been loose for some time, and which every rain storm has made more unsafe, fell into the quarry, filling it completely.

A petition for the appointment of Mrs. Brackett to fill the vacancy of Register of Deeds in Franklin county, caused by the death of her husband, was started early last week, and was largely signed. It will be presented to the Governor.

While returning from a professional visit to Lamoine, Dr. Haines of Ellsworth, discovered a large deer near the road and with rifle dressed shot from his rifle brought him down. The *Dr.* brought him home in his buggy.

A very pleasant affair took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. B. Walton Downes, of Winesport, Friday evening, Oct. 31st, being the fifteenth anniversary of their wedding. Seventy-five of their friends were pleasantly entertained.

Schooner John F. Merrow, Chase, from Boston for the Kennebec to load ice went ashore Thursday, on the Jacks at the mouth of the Kennebec. She was hauled off by a tug and towed to Bath. She is leaking badly and will be towed to Portland for repairs.

George Oscar Norton of Bath, was washed overboard from the Eleanor during the recent gales, ten miles southwest of Seguin. The vessel was bound to Waldoboro from Union Island, Georgia, with lumber. The vessel put into Damariscotta. The body could not possibly be recovered. The deceased was aged 30 years and 9 months. He was first mate of the Eleanor.

Harry Perry and Cyrus Dunn, two boys residing in Auburn, went out duck shooting Saturday. They were walking along the shore at Caswell's cove. Perry was ahead. Dunn had just lifted his gun to fire, when the muzzle was by some means exploded prematurely, shooting the Perry boy full in the back. He exclaimed "You have shot me," and shortly expired. The Perry boy was nearly 16 years of age and a son of George F. Perry.

Wm. W. W. Brown, E. H. Wells and Chas. Bolton, the parties who were arrested in Portland, Wednesday, for stealing a team of Wm. H. Small, a stable keeper of Richmond, Tuesday of last week, and brought to Richmond from Portland on Thursday, were taken before Justice Hagar, Friday morning, for preliminary examination. They pleaded not guilty and were put under $500 bonds each, to appear before the grand jury.

On Saturday, Mr. Thomas Seavey, a man about sixty years of age, living at Turkey Cove in St. George, was found in the upper part of his house suspended by the neck. He was afflicted by melancholy, and had previously made threats that he would put an end to his pastors. A pathetic feature in connection with the case is that the deceased had purchased a pair of pantaloons, only a few days since, and was brought home to him "a dead man."

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The storm which raged on the coast of Nova Scotia last week, was terribly disastrous. All along the coast the winds averaged 70 miles an hour, and the sea was tremendously and constantly lashed into a state of fury. Reports from all parishes along the coast. The whole town of Pembroke was inundated and a large number of houses, barns, stables and wharves were carried away. The people left their houses in boats. Cattle were turned loose and have taken to the interior of the country.

For the third time since August, Duluth, Minn., has been visited by a disastrous fire in its lumber mills. In August, mills and lumber to the amount of $150,000 were destroyed. Two weeks ago the Oneata lumber Company lost its planing mill and dry kiln, lumber, laths, etc., valued at $30,000, and on Sunday night, two saw mills and about 20,000,000 feet of lumber were burned. From the lumber piles the flames went to the saw mill of the Oneta company, from there to new piles of lumber and crossed the territory of the Osterhaut and Hughes' lumber concerns. They also burned about ten buildings, including boarding houses, stores, offices, dwellings, stables, etc., belonging to the Oneta company.

The three masted schooner Vigilant of and from Bathurst, with laths, for Boston, was driven ashore in a storm Wednesday at Saibuintace, N. B. She afterwards upset and filled and remained on the beach. She floated off and remained there till rescued the next morning after twenty-two hours of great suffering and heroic endurance. The colored cook was washed off and drowned. When the vessel struck, Capt. Chase's son, seventeen years old, was drowned by jumping off a raft to aid his father when the latter started. Daniel McEndy of Dougiaston, died at sunrise from cold and exhaustion. At daylight three men were seen by the shipwrecked crew, piling up lathe from the wreck, and although they had a boat they went on rescuing rafts, leaving the mariners to perish.

Between noon and eleven Monday night, ninety-seven fresh cases of cholera and eleven deaths were reported in the city of Paris. These numbers do not include the additional cases and deaths which have occurred at the hospitals. At the Bretenil Asylum for the insane there were nine deaths. In numerous instances the victims were seized by the dread disease in the most sudden manner, with hardly a premonition. Many were stricken in the streets in or about their business and other public places, or when about their ordinary vocations. The hospitals rest apart and the sick and the patients are already full to overflowing, and others are being placed in readiness as rapidly as circumstances will permit. Many cases have occurred among the troops stationed in the barracks, some soldiers have been attacked. If the epidemic continues, an order will be issued closing the public schools in the eastern and central portions of the city are the ones most affected. Residences occupied by English and American people are in most excellent conditions.

Another riot is in progress in the Hocking Valley, Ohio. Murray City was attacked Thursday night by an armed force of men, supposed to be strikers. The attack was made by about one hour after Pinkerton's Guards went off duty, giving place to a new company of police. The firing was upon the town and company store from the hills on all sides. Shots were promptly returned by both sides. The guard was driven in from the hill above and had it not been for the action of the Pinkertons men the hoppers would undoubtedly have been burned. Explosive were thrown from the hills which burst in town with a noise that shook the earth. After about an hour's fighting, a squad of Pinkerton's men flanked the attacking party and drove them off. Rocks and bullets in several shots in the hills were found spattered with blood, showing the strikers had not all escaped unhurt. The south side of the company's store bears marks of numerous hundred bullets, and the company's houses are riddled and the windows are broken all over town.

The plenary council of the Roman Catholic church in the United States opened with great magnificence Sunday forenoon, in the Cathedral at Baltimore. The procession was grand almost past description. Up the long aisles of the cathedral came the stately bishops. The altars were ablaze with light. The deep diapason of the organ swelled up to the dome in peals of thunder. The voice of the choir swelled the melody. Services began on reaching the sanctuary. Archbishops occupied seats to the right of the altar and abbotts and provincials to the left. Bishops occupied the seats in front of the altar of the blessed virgin, while seminarians occupied the recess of the altar of St. Joseph. The priests occupied seats in the aisles and in front of the sanctuary. Archbishop Gibbons occupied the throne, and near him Very Rev. Edward Colgon, Vicar General of the Arch-Episcopal See, while the altar was adorned with evergreens and white blossoms. After mass Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia, preached on "The death of the archbishop of Baltimore and the council are being held during the week.

The dynamite works of H. W. Stumpp & Co., three-quarters of a mile from Stoneburg, Pa., a village of one hundred inhabitants, blew up, Thursday afternoon, shaking the country for a distance of from ten to twenty miles. The works consisted of five frame buildings, the timbers of which were sent flying in all directions, nothing remaining but the foundations. All the men in the buildings were killed, so the cause of the explosion will never be known. The names of the killed are Frank Stolz, married, aged 30; Frank Knapp, aged 21, single, and Joseph Kraus, aged 25, single. The buildings contained an unusual quantity of dynamite, hence the terrific shock, which was heard as far east as Reading, nearly twenty miles away. Windows were broken in many houses in Stoneburg. People were knocked off their feet; mirrors and pictures were shaken off the walls. The victims were literally blown to atoms. At Robbinson, two miles from Stoneburg, a number of masons were working at the bottom of Ferguson & Co.'s furnace stock, which they were relining with new fire brick. The stock was probably one hundred feet high, and the work was nearly completed. Some say fifteen men were on the stock, some at the bottom and others on the scaffolding above, just as the shock of the dynamite explosion was felt. The stock quivered and there was a rumbling noise, followed immediately by a great deluge of bricks, completely burying six men in the bottom of the stock. If they were not instantly killed they were burned to death.

Items of General News.

Jerry W. Squires of Northampton, fell from his cart at Springfield Monday, and broke his neck.

The New York Central ticket offices in New York, Friday, began selling first class tickets to Chicago for $13, and second class tickets for $11.

Cameron Bernard, his wife and a three year old daughter, were found murdered and lying near a straw stack on his farm near Cameron, Texas, Saturday.

Business failures throughout the country for the week ending Friday, number for the United States 185, and for Canada 31, a total of 206, a decrease over last week, when the total was 267 and the previous week 188.

The first account of the executors of the estate of Charles S. Stratton of Middleboro, Ct., (Tom Thumb) was presented to probate Tuesday. It showed a balance after all debts and expenses were paid of $16,431.

On election day in Cincinnati, O., Philip Hennessy, a young married man, was shot at the 18th Ward polls in the forehead, and died Sunday from the wound. Monday afternoon his wife, aged 26, committed suicide by shooting herself through the heart.

The September statement of the Union Pacific is out, while the gross earnings show a decrease from Sept. 1883, of $382,368, the saving in expenses reduce the net decrease to $107,994. Going back to Sept., 1882, the loss in net earnings foots up $661,000.

News from Coli and other towns in the southern states of Colombia, report that the most severe shock of earthquake that has been experienced for three years, was felt Thursday night. The church of San Pedro at Coli was wrecked, and an other church and several houses suffered severely.

Three mills of the Social Manufacturing Company at Woonsocket in R. I., were shut down Monday morning, and will so continue for an indefinite period. The Western Cattle brought in was mostly of an ordinary grade of beef.

Sheep and Lambs.—The supply brought in for the week has been light, those from the West costing from 5@5½c per lb., live weight, landed at the yards. A few Canada Sheep were brought in, all of which were for the English market. From Maine there was but one load, which were owned by E. A. Hollis, and intended for slaughter.

Swine.—Western Fat Hogs are costing butchers, landed at the slaughter houses, from 5@6½c per lb., live weight. In our number we include all the Western Fat Hogs brought into our markets over the several railroads for the week.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 11.

FLOUR.—The demand for Flour is moderate and the sales confined to small lots. We quote Western Superfine at $2 65@3 00; common extras at 3 00@3 50 and Minnesota extras $3 75@4 50 per bbl, including choice bakers' brand. Winter wheats have been in demand, with sales at $4 00@4 50 for choice and $4 00@4 50 for roller Michigan; 4 25@4 75 for Ohio and Indiana, and 4 00@4 85 for St. Louis and Illinois. Patent Spring Wheats have been selling at $5 00@6 75; including choice new at $6 Patent Winter Wheat at $4 75@ 5 50 including choice new.

GRAIN.—Corn is in moderate demand. The sales of steamer mixed have been at 56½ @57; steamer yellow, 60 @ 61c; high mixed 62 @ 63c; and high grade at 52@55c per bush. Oats have been in moderate demand. We quote sales of No. 1 and extra white at 36@38c; No. 2 white at 34½@36c; No. 3 white at 33@34c, and mixed at 32@34c. per bush. In rye the sales have been small at 70@72c per bush. Shorts have been selling at 15 50@16 50; and Fine Feed and Middlings at $18 00@21 00 per ton. Cotton Seed Meal at $27 20@30.

PROVISIONS.—Pork has been in moderate demand. Packing operations to date have been 155,600 for the week, but are rather less than expected. Sales of prime at $14 50@15; mess at $17@17 50; clear and back at $16 00@20 00 per bbl. Beef has been selling at $11 00@13 00 for mess and extra mess, and $13 50@14 50 for family and plate. Lard has been in fair demand and sales have been at 8@8½c per lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams have been in steady demand and sales at 12 @ 13½c. per lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE.—The demand for choice grades of butter is steady and prices remain unchanged. Sales of Northern and Western Creameries have been at 30@33 for fine, and fancy lots higher, 20@27 for fair and choice. Franklin county dairy at 27 @28. New York and Vermont dairies at 24 @26 for choice fresh, 20@23 for choice straight, 16@18 for fair and good, and 10@ 15 for common; Western dairy at 18@24 for choice, and 15@16 for fair and good; imitation creamery at 19@21c; and Western labrador at 14@16 for choice, and 10@13 for fair and good. Cheese is selling at 12@13 for choice, 9@11¾ for fair and good, 6@8 for common. Eggs have been selling at 29@30c for Eastern; 27@28 for New York and Vermont; 26@27c for Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and 24@25c for Western. All the receipts are quite steady, but have been quiet. Sales of extra Vermont at $2@2 10; choice for New York Pea at $1 95@2; choice Medium at $1 75@1 80; choice Imported Yellow Eye at $2 30 per bush. Canada and Western Peas have been in moderate demand and prices are unchanged. Potatoes have been in fair demand, with sales at 45@55, as to quality. Sweet potatoes at $2 25@3 00 per bbl, as to quality. Apples are in fair demand, with sales at from $1 to $1. Baldwins at $1 25@1 50, and fancy varieties at $2@ 3 25 per bbl. as to quality. In Dried Apples nothing of any consequence has been done. Prime Turkeys have been in fair demand at 19@22c, and choice Chickens at 17@18, but other kinds of Poultry have been in moderate demand.

HAY.—There is a fair demand for choice Northern Hay at $18 @19 per ton. But in new and medium grades very little doing. In Rye Straw the sales have been at $18 @ $19 per ton.

Augusta City Market.

[Corrected weekly by W. G. Field & Co.]

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 12.

APPLES—40@50cts., per bush.
BEANS—Pea beans $1 75@2 00; Yellow Eyes $1 75@2 00.
BUTTER—Good Firkin Butter sells for 20@22c. Best in tubs 24@25c.
CHEESE—New 10@11c.
COTTON SEED MEAL—$1 50 per cwt.
EGGS—25@26c per dozen.
FLOUR—$6 00@6 25 per bbl.
GRAIN—Corn 70@75; oats 40@45; barley 75c. Rye 75.
HAY—$14 00@16 00.
STRAW—loose $6@8; pressed $8@10.
HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey, 30@ 35c.
HIDES AND SKINS—Ox hides over 90 lbs. 7 cts.; between 80 and 90 lbs., 6 cts.; under 80 lbs., 6½ cts.; bulls and stags, 4 cts.; calf skins, 10 cts.
LIME AND CEMENT—Lime $1 10 per cask: cement $2 00.
LARD—8@9c.
MEAL—Corn 70@75; rye 85@90.
PROVISIONS—Potatoes, 50@55; onions, 90 @1 00 per bushel; cabbages, 1c per lb.; turnips, 40c per bushel; beets, 40c per bushel.

Brighton Cattle Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Nov. 11, 1884.

Amount of stock at market: Cattle, 928; sheep and lambs, 2569; fat swine 16 815; Horses 192, number Western Cattle 667; Canada Cattle 161.

Prices of beef cattle per 100 lbs., live weight: Extra quality, 6 50 @ 7 25; first, $5 37½ @ 6 37½; second, $4 87½@5 35½; third, $4 00 @ 4 75; poorest grades of coarse oxen, bulls, etc., $3 00 @ 3 87½.

Brighton Hides, heavy—7½@8c per lb. Country Hides—Light ones, 6½@7c lb.; heavy, 7c@7½ per lb.

Country Tallow—3½@4c per lb.

Calf Skins—10@11c per lb.

Sheared Sheep skins—40@60c.

Lamb Skins—50@85c. each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By Number	No. lbs.	Fr. per 100 lbs. live wt.	Live Average weight
Farrell & McFlynn	11	6 25	1260
do	10	6 50	1200
do	12	6 00	1150
do	2	6 00	1000
Eames & Stetson	11	5 75	1142
do	7	6 00	1315
do	5	5 70	1140
do	14	6 00	1110
A. N. Monroe	15	6 90	1470
do	20	6 93	1474
do	18	6 00	1436
do	25	6 00	1335
do	25	6 20	1378
do	15	6 50	1319
do	18	5 80	1296

The arrivals of Western Cattle and Sheep for the week past have been very light, the trade for beef Cattle being very dull and quiet. Western Cattle are costing higher at Chicago, and drovers here were in hopes to get prices for their Cattle than they sold for one week since, but the demand being light, butchers were not inclined to buy unless they could do full as well as they have for a week or two past, prices ranging principally from $5 20 @ 6 95 per 100 lbs live weight. The Cattle landed here from Canada were intended for the English market. Of the 667 Western Cattle brought in was mostly of an ordinary grade of beef.

Sheep and Lambs.—The supply brought in for the week has been light, those from the West costing from 5@5½c per lb., live weight, landed at the yards. A few Canada Sheep were brought in, all of which were for the English market. From Maine there was but one load, which were owned by E. A. Hollis, and intended for slaughter.

Swine.—Western Fat Hogs are costing butchers, landed at the slaughter houses, from 5@6½c per lb., live weight. In our number we include all the Western Fat Hogs brought into our markets over the several railroads for the week.

Boston Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 11.

FLOUR.—The demand for Flour is moderate and the sales confined to small lots. We quote Western Superfine at $2 65@3 00; common extras at 3 00@3 50 and Minnesota extras $3 75@4 50 per bbl, including choice bakers' brand. Winter wheats have been in demand, with sales at 4 00@4 50 for choice and $4 00@4 50 for roller Michigan; 4 25@4 75 for Ohio and Indiana, and 4 00@4 85 for St. Louis and Illinois. Patent Spring Wheats have been selling at $5 00@6 75; including choice new at $6 Patent Winter Wheat at $4 75@ 5 50 including choice new.

GRAIN.—Corn is in moderate demand. The sales of steamer mixed have been at 56½ @57; steamer yellow, 60 @ 61c; high mixed 62 @ 63c; and high grade at 52@55c per bush. Oats have been in moderate demand. We quote sales of No. 1 and extra white at 36@38c; No. 2 white at 34½@36c; No. 3 white at 33@34c, and mixed at 32@34c. per bush. In rye the sales have been small at 70@72c per bush. Shorts have been selling at 15 50@16 50; and Fine Feed and Middlings at $18 00@21 00 per ton. Cotton Seed Meal at $27 20@30.

PROVISIONS.—Pork has been in moderate demand. Packing operations to date have been 155,600 for the week, but are rather less than expected. Sales of prime at $14 50@15; mess at $17@17 50; clear and back at $16 00@20 00 per bbl. Beef has been selling at $11 00@13 00 for mess and extra mess, and $13 50@14 50 for family and plate. Lard has been in fair demand and sales have been at 8@8½c per lb. for city and Western. Smoked Hams have been in steady demand and sales at 12 @ 13½c. per lb. as to quality.

PRODUCE.—The demand for choice grades of butter is steady and prices remain unchanged. Sales of Northern and Western Creameries have been at 30@33 for fine, and fancy lots higher, 20@27 for fair and choice. Franklin county dairy at 27 @28. New York and Vermont dairies at 24 @26 for choice fresh, 20@23 for choice straight, 16@18 for fair and good, and 10@ 15 for common; Western dairy at 18@24 for choice, and 15@16 for fair and good; imitation creamery at 19@21c; and Western labrador at 14@16 for choice, and 10@13 for fair and good. Cheese is selling at 12@13 for choice, 9@11¾ for fair and good, 6@8 for common. Eggs have been selling at 29@30c for Eastern; 27@28 for New York and Vermont; 26@27c for Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, and 24@25c for Western. All the receipts are quite steady, but have been quiet. Sales of extra Vermont at $2@2 10; choice for New York Pea at $1 95@2; choice Medium at $1 75@1 80; choice Imported Yellow Eye at $2 30 per bush. Canada and Western Peas have been in moderate demand and prices are unchanged. Potatoes have been in fair demand, with sales at 45@55, as to quality. Sweet potatoes at $2 25@3 00 per bbl, as to quality. Apples are in fair demand, with sales at from $1 to $1. Baldwins at $1 25@1 50, and fancy varieties at $2@ 3 25 per bbl. as to quality. In Dried Apples nothing of any consequence has been done. Prime Turkeys have been in fair demand at 19@22c, and choice Chickens at 17@18, but other kinds of Poultry have been in moderate demand.

HAY.—There is a fair demand for choice Northern Hay at $18 @19 per ton. But in new and medium grades very little doing. In Rye Straw the sales have been at $18 @ $19 per ton.

Watertown Cattle Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 11.

Market Beef.—Receipts of cattle 1410; extra, 8 00@9 00; first quality, 7 00@7 50; second quality, 6 50@7 00; third quality at 5 00@6 00.

STORE CATTLE.—Working Oxen per pair at $100@225; milch cows and calves at $30@45; one and two years old, $14@30; three years, $24@42; Farrow Cows $16@30; fancy, $50@80.

SWINE.—Receipts 1,084. Western fat Swine, live, 5½@5¾; Northern dressed hogs at 6@6¼.

Sheep and Lambs.—Receipts 9,105. Sales of Sheep in lots at 3 00@6 00 each; extra 5 00@6 50. Veal Calves 3¼@7¼c.

Chicago Live Stock Market.

TUESDAY, Nov. 11.

Hogs.—Receipts, 28,000 head; shipments, 4000 head, 5@10c higher, rough packing at 4 10@4 60; light at 4 10@4 75; skips and grassers 3 30@4 10; packing and shipping at 4 60@5 05.

Cattle.—Receipts 6,500 head; shipments 3000 hd; export grades firm at 6 30@6 75; good to choice steers, 5 75@6 25; common to fair at 3 30@3 20. Texans cows at 3 50@3 55.

SHEEP.—Receipts 9,105; shipments 800 head; slow; common to fair, 3 00@3 10; medium to good 3 00@3 75; choice 3 90@ 4 25.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 12

APPLES—Green, per bbl., $1 00@2 00.
BEANS—Yellow Eyes $2 00@2 10 per bush; Pea, hand picked, $2 00 @2 15.
BUTTER—Best, 24@26c per lb; fair to good, 17@22c; good, 20@22c per lb.
EGGS—28c per doz.
GRAIN—Oats 33c per bush; corn 71@73. HAY—$11@13 per ton; pressed $13@13 POTATOES—Per bush, hand picked, 45@50c; Burbank, per bushel, 45@50c.
PROVISIONS—Pork, round hog per lb. 6¼@7½c; fowl per lb. 7½c; chickens, 12 @16c; turkeys 17c.

Wool Market.

BOSTON, TUESDAY, Nov. 11.

The market has been very tame for wool, the political excitement having interfered with business, and the transactions of the week do not exceed 1,500,000 lbs., all kinds. Sales of Ohio and Pennsylvania fleeces at 32@33c for X and X and above, 24@25 for X X, higher prices for choice selections. Michigan fleeces sold at 29@30c, but the quantity offering small. Combing and delaine selections are steady and sales of Michigan tub delaine at 33@34c; fine Ohio delaine and fine combing at 32@ 37c, and Kentucky combing at 25@26c. Unwashed wools have been in fair demand, with sales at comparatively low prices. Pulled wools have been quiet, with sales at 25@30 for good Western and Eastern supers.

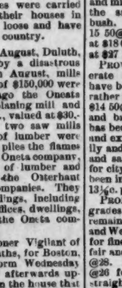
Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she was a Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Pure blood is absolutely necessary in order to enjoy perfect health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and strengthens the system.

WORKMEN ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT. No day passes while work is in operation on the shaft, that hundreds of opera and field glasses are not used in eagerly watching the workmen on the top, who, even with aid of powerful glasses, look scarcely larger than huge flies crawling slowly about. "As the shaft grows higher and higher," said Col. Casey, "the men are obliged to use greater care. They are not sailors, and although most of them are to some extent, growing accustomed to working at such a height, they are not the sailor, must work without anything to cling to for security. A single false step, a slight stumble, a little faintness or dizziness, would be apt to leave nothing that in the least resembled a human being, whether the fall was down the shaft or at the ground outside. As they go higher, they grow more careful, instead of becoming used to and careless of their danger.

Special Notices.



This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co.,
106 Wall St. New York.
1y22

Items and Incidents.

Edward V. Howe of New York, was scratched on the arm by an armadillo, a few days ago, in a museum where he was employed, and now lies dying.

THE FIRST KERR TWINGE. As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known are experienced after every exposure. It is not believed that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for the umatism—no doubt it there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

Dwight H Cone of Fitchburg, attempted suicide at Worcester, Thursday, by taking bedbug poison.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, in Acute Pulmonary Troubles. Dr. F B. STRICKLAND, New York, says: "I find your Emulsion of special effect after acute pneumonic attacks in adults, and in children during and after measles."

The soldiers' monument just dedicated at Londonderry, N. H., is 32 feet in height, surmounted with an infantry soldier of heroic size, standing at "parade rest" and facing due East. Rising on its sides are the names of 48 martyrs of the civil war and two Revolutionary soldiers.

No female should attempt the toil and drudgery of washday, when it can be obviated by the use of James Pyle's unrivalled Pearline.

Some revengeful person put a package containing Paris green into the well of W. J. Copeland at Great Falls, N. H., recently, but the action of the water formed a crust over the paper wrapper, which prevented the poison from affecting the water.

"My wife has been a severe sufferer with indigestion and liver trouble. I was told if I feared it would terminate in Bright's Disease, as there were the symptoms. She commenced using HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] Remedy, and found by the use of only one bottle she had been relieved."—R. S. R. Armstrong, Auburn, N. Y.

Four sisters named Carr were married at Joliet, Ill., one evening last week. Such a train of Carrs must make thing hum on the matrimonial track.

Dr. S. P. Brittan says: "As a rule, physicians do not by their professional methods build up the female constitution, and they seldom cure the disease to which it is always liable in our variable climate and under our imperfect civilization. Special remedies are required to restore organic harmony and to strengthen the feebled powers of womanhood, and for most of these we are indebted to persons outside of the profession. Among the very best of these remedies, I assign a prominent place to Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

Eleven trained nurses graduated recently from the Brooklyn City Hospital—"angels of mercy with little white caps," one of the speakers of the occasion appropriately called them. There is no profession in which so much is needed than in nursing, and that their numbers increase each year means a bright outlook for the medical profession.

A great many lives lost. When a boat sinks, a steamer is lost at sea, or a train of cars is thrown from track, the accident is usually unforeseen, and the sad misfortune is mourned as the unavoidable power of human calculation. But when lives are lost, on beds of sickness, through Inflammations, Hemorrhages, Burns, Piles, Sore throats, and all *kindred diseases* that follow these headings, that a timely application, internally or externally, of *Pond's Extract*, could have saved the matter is one of human neglect, that a simple effort can always prevent.

Catarrh

Is undoubtedly caused by impure blood. Hence a medicine which purifies the blood removes the cause of the disease and opens the way for a thorough cure. This is exactly what Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy does, and it makes the cure complete by giving the system health and strength, and enabling it to throw off the depressing effects of the disease.

Catarrh

Is permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mr. A. Ball, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "Hood's Sarsaparilla has helped me more for catarrh and impure blood than anything I ever used."

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and think it has done me a great deal of good. I recommend it to all within my reach. Hood's Sarsaparilla has been worth everything to me."—LUTHER D. ROBBINS, East Thompson, Conn.

Catarrh

May be breaking down your health. Be wise in time! That flow from the nose, ringing noise in the ears, pain in the head, inflammation of the throat, cough, and nervous prostration will be cured by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I had been troubled by general debility, caused by catarrh and humors. Hood's Sarsaparilla proved just the thing needed. I derived immense amount of benefit from it."—H. F. BARNETT, Mansfield, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

It Can Cure

It is a fact that remedies almost without number, already contest the claim to cure all the ills that afflict sentient humanity. Thousands have found them powerless to work a cure for them.

No diseases have so baffled all attempts at permanent cure as Scrofula, Salt Rheum and Eczema. A long succession of disappointments has made many sufferers despondent, and they have given up in despair. For centuries they have been considered beyond the reach of medicine.

And yet we say both can be cured, and that AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the specific.

The first proof that it can do it is that it has done it.

It Did Cure

Rev. S. R. Denner, D.D., pastor Third Congregational Church, New Haven, Conn. His condition had been him from the very feet to the months of his life. He says: "I was afflicted with what you could, and finally, through the first use of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, my disease was in part relieved. Monday last would call, and has continued to relieve."

Rev. William P. Corbit, D.D., pastor Second St. M. E. Church, New Haven, Conn., was laid up for two months with Inflammatory Rheumatism, suffering most excruciating tortures. After nothing could him, and he believes he is to-day living in consequence of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA.

H. S. Chandler, of the N. Y. "Independent," says AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cured him of Rheumatism from which he had suffered for a year and a half.

Rev. W. R. Evans, Washington, D. C., says: "I consider its work almost in the light of a miracle. It is a most wonderful medicine. It ought to be spread throughout the land."

It Will Cure

The great question is, Will it cure me? We believe it will in every case where the directions are followed. If you cannot get AYER'S SARSAPARILLA of your druggist, we will send. If anyone tells you he has a better medicine, don't believe him. If you want to know more about it, write us. We have no space to print testimonials here, but if we have not published your case, we will send you them by the dozen, if you desire. Address as above.

WORKMEN ON THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT. No day passes while work is in operation on the shaft, that hundreds of opera and field glasses are not used in eagerly watching the workmen on the top, who, even with aid of powerful glasses, look scarcely larger than huge flies crawling slowly about. "As the shaft grows higher and higher," said Col. Casey, "the men are obliged to use greater care. They are not sailors, and although most of them are to some extent, growing accustomed to working at such a height, they are not the sailor, must work without anything to cling to for security. A single false step, a slight stumble, a little faintness or dizziness, would be apt to leave nothing that in the least resembled a human being, whether the fall was down the shaft or at the ground outside. As they go higher, they grow more careful, instead of becoming used to and careless of their danger.

—The farm buildings of Mr. John G. Rowe of Litchfield, came very near being

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.—November 13, 1884.

Poetry.

Love and Death.

A mother watched, with many a silent vow,
Where, restless, lay her child, with burning brow;
Fevered, yet weak, too ill to recognize
Its mother's anxious care and yearning eyes.

One hour's neglect, and Death's cold, stiff embrace
Had touched with icy chill the little face;
But one omission of each needful care,
And the dread Angel had alighted there.

Yet, still the mother at her post was found,
While days and nights dragged on their weary round;

Then on the infant fell a restful sleep,
And happy tears the mother's heart could weep;
The struggle o'er, in peace the babe drew breath,
And life returned—for Love was strong as Death.

The wailing infant grew to man's estate;
But here again Death's angel lay in wait,
And when life's rainbow shone most bright and clear,

Its colors faded as the foe drew near.

No meek, unconscious child might now await
What worldlings idly call the stroke of Fate;
They judged it best the babe had lost the strife,
Than lived to fade, when clinging most to life,
Unknowing how the young, but Christian soul,
Can face in hope and trust Heaven's distant goal.

Such faith had he—though mother's love was vain,
She would not now recall her boy again;
Still to her mourning heart his memory saith:
"The Love and Life beyond shall conquer Death."

Our Story Teller.

THE IRON SHROUD.

The castle of the Prince of Tolfi was built on the summit of the towering and precipitous rock of Scylla, and commanded a magnificent view of Sicily in all its grandeur. Here, during the wars of the Middle Ages, when the fertile plains of Italy were devastated by hostile factions, those prisoners were confined for whose ransom a costly price was demanded. Here, too, in a dungeon excavated deep in a solid rock, was immured the miserable victim whom revenge pursued—the dark, fierce, and unpitying revenge of an Italian heart.

Vivenzio—the noble and the generous, the fearless in battle, and the prize of Naples in her sunny hours of peace—the young, the brave, the proud Vivenzio—fell beneath this subtle and remorseless spirit. He was the prisoner of Tolfi; and he languished in that rock-encircled dungeon which stood alone, and whose portals never opened twice upon a living captive.

It had the semblance of a vast cage; for the roof and floor and sides were of iron, solidly wrought and spaciously constructed. High above ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink or chasm or projection broke the smooth, black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner, and beside it, a vessel of water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrank with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate. of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue!

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And, as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that nevermore the face or voice or tread of man would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the blue sky and upon a beautiful world to be loved, and whose minion he had been! Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in! And by what means? By secret poison? or by murderous assault! No; for them it had been needless to bring him hither. Famine, perhaps—a thousand deaths in one! How terrible to think of it; but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or stagnate into idiocy.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power, with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi; for he might have inflicted it, and he had not.

It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtle vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice either the slow death of famine or the still slower one of solitary incarceration, till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon; and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle, or from any neighboring church or convent, struck upon his ears to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sank within him, and he threw himself dejectedly upon his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery; and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him. in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was daylight; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon; for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that, in the first moment of waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if it had burst upon it for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horrors.

He gazed round with an air of doubt and amusement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too fatally for her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason, shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future.

The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished, and recalling from the present, which he clung to him as a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed,—the utter impossibility of escape.

As, however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he had seen them over night, he could not; for the pitcher now in his dungeon was neither of the same form nor color as the other, while the food was changed for some other of better quality. He had been visited therefore during the night.

But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without waking him? He would have said this was not possible, but that, in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced none existed. It was not intended, then, that he should be left to perish from hunger; but the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food seemed to indicate he was to have no opportunity of communicating with a human being.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice was the *disappearance*, as he believed, of one of the SEVEN grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken than that a portion of the solid iron which formed the walls could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi; and the quickest death would be the speediest relief.

The day passed wearily and gloomily, though not without a faint hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity that it might present of learning the doom prepared for preserving for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow if once at liberty, and master of himself. Suppose he were armed. The worst that cou'd befall, if no bribe nor prayers nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which, though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes, compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came, and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted by fatigue; and, in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal!

Nor was this all. Casting his looks toward the windows of his dungeon, he counted but five!

Here was no deception; and he was now convinced that there had been none the day before. But what did all this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so, he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A simple circumstance convinced him that that they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw, which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he paced to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter.

He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them, and the floor and the roof, and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them; he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance,—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and, as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and, as nearly as he could judge (by the time that after ward elapsed before the morning came in,) about two o'clock, there was a slight, tremulous motion of the floor.

He stopped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle that he almost doubted whether it was real, or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and, dashing toward the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water sewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and, as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, toward them. There were four!

He could see only four; but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain it it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and, at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it the food.

He was now certain, that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how admitted? For, had a feather even waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while, to repeated and violent blows, there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again toward them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearance. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying as irregular distances the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon.

The tall folding-door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon was smaller. The roof had lowered; and the opposite ends had contracted the immediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose, some devilish torture of mind or body, some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he was ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke,—"yes! it must be so! I see it! I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God! support me! it must be so! Yes, yes, that is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend! these walls will hem me round, and slowly, slowly crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! O fiend! O devil!—is this your revenge!"

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony, tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops on his face; he sobbed aloud, he tore his hair, he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to Heaven for immediate death.

Then the violence of his grief became exhausted; and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six-and-thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water, and, reeling, like a drunken man, to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept; but his slumbers were not tranquil. He rested, as long as he could, the approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him; ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination; he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon's ponderous roof descending on him; he breathed short and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then he would spring up, stare wildly about him, stretch forth his hands to be sure he yet had space enough to live, and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delerious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio; but it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the three windows that now alone remained!

The three! there were no more! and they seemed to number his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination.

Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no chest upon his reason as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived that walls and roofs and windows should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise and without motion, almost fold in a sheet of lifeless iron, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there with anticipation merely of a fate from which, in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be preserved.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments; to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, and to follow it up with consolations of religion, unveiled by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish! Alone he was to wait a slow-coming torture whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that solitude and that tardy coming.

"It is not death I fear," he exclaimed, "but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that, all horrible and revolting as it is,—if it might overtake me soon. But who shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come? How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence; none to make it familiar to my thoughts, rather it will rise from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep upon me! That so, in death's likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me than my fainting spirit has already tasted!"

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair.

He resolved to watch during the ensuing night for the signs he had before observed, and should he again feel the gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or, if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate was to be what he forboded, would be preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came; and, as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body bent on this object, a bell tolled again, and occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him.

He sprang up, and, in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears; and, as he sunk to the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed, "O my God! my God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial."

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows!—and two days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had inquired it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near that in six paces he trod the space between them.

Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrow area; but his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms, and clenched teeth, with eyes that were bloodshot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant stare upon the ground; with a hard, quick breathing, and a hurried walk,—he strode backward and forward in silent musing for several hours.

What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe, the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Not the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world's agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eeys were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his bed of straw. Words are inscribed there! A human language, traced by a human hand! He rushes toward them; but his blood freezes as he reads,—

"I, Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the prince, Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed me to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May eternal curses, like mine, light upon his unbelieved head! Miserable wretch, whoe'er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with his tremendous engine which, in a few hours, must crush thee, as it will the needy wretch who made it."

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears, "Prepare." Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling.

His brain already feels the descending horror; his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenches his throat in his convulsive gripe, as though he would strangle himself at once. He stares upon the walls; and his warring spirit demands,—"Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?" An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims, "Why should I? He was but a man who died long in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do as much!"

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. Existence was ecstasy at the thought.

As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them; with one bound he was beneath them; with one wild spring, he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the increase of a long vista cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight.

How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm, green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still called for more! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then grasping the bars with both, as loath to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him; till, exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrances. Yes! he had looked once again upon the gorgeous splendor of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids at the sun's radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive-tree or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest, or a wretch, laboring under pestilence, disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered!

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him, during the whole night, like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals sleeping heavily, and, when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio. If dawn it might be called,—the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the one solitary window of his dungeon.

He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change the iron bed had undergone.

It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of *a funeral couch or bier!*

When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. "God's will be done!" was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was.

The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that, as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish which the preceding one had aroused. For the same reason the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up or lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits and oppressed mind no longer struggled with him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi; and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once.

Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt a further contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation.

Roused as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently; he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, both ends having been slowly and silently again came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent; crash succeeded crash; and on and on and on came the mysterious engine of Tolfi, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more. He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides.

And the flattened bier was his iron shroud.

Choice Miscellany.

Wit, Humor, and Pleasantries.

A gold pen—A coin vault.

Matchless women—Maiden aunts.

A stable companion—A staunch friend.

The earliest tubular bridge—The bridge of the nose.

The traveler's leading motive—The locomotive.

Mem. for the legal quidnunc—Is it lawful for a blind man to sue on a bill made payable at sight.

The papers speak of the "consumption of the domestic cigar." We were aware that something pretty bad was the matter with the domestic cigar. If it is consumption, let us hope that it is of the galloping variety, so that the patient may be taken away as quickly as possible.

Mistress—I dislike to find fault, Jane; but you must not have so much company in the kitchen.

Jane—That's just what I was thinking myself, mum. The kitchen is too small, mum.

Mistress—Well, I should say so.

Jane—Yes, mum; but what can I do, mum? The evenings is getting cool, mum, and there ain't no heat in the parlor.

"How nicely you carve that chicken, Mr. Crimsonbeak?" said the boarding house lady at Sunday dinner. "It must be very tender, you do it so easily."

"And think so?" replied the carver, stopping for breath. "You see this kind of work comes easy to me. I'm a stone carver."

It was so quiet that you could have heard a gum drop.

Bill collector—How about meeting this note?

Impecunious reporter—I don't know about meeting this note, but I'll tell what I will do.

"What do you propose to do?"

"Instead of meeting this note I'll just make a note of this meeting. That will do just as well, won't it."

Fogg makes it a point never to pay his butcher's bill. "Why," he says, "if I paid for a beefsteak, for instance, it would be mine, and I should be loth to eat it. A man does not care to dine off his own flesh and blood."

"What two beautiful children! Are they twins?" said an old bachelor to an Austin lady with two children.

"O, yes, they are twins," replied the lady.

"Excuse my curiosity, Madame; but are you the mother of both of them?"

Fighting an Alligator with a Knife.

Last week Captain Dicken and Mr. W. H. Kendrick went fishing, and during the day they went down the Ocklawaha River, recently opened, between Lakes Dora and Eustis. They got out of their boat on the jetties, and walking down finally stopped on a big fallen cypress and commenced fishing. The fish did not bite very good, and Kendrick thought he would get on to another log a short distance off, and try his luck. To do so he had to jump about eight feet. He made the jump splendidly and landed safely on what he thought was a solid log—but it was not, and as he lighted upon it a big crack opened, and thereupon out of the end of the log swam an eight-foot alligator, whose slumbers he had disturbed. The 'gator showed fight, and, between balancing himself on the log and facing the mad saurian, Kendrick was in a tight place. The 'gator came up with mouth wide open (Kendrick thinks it was at least forty-five feet across) and waited for further demonstrations on the part of the trespasser of his domains, and was met with a determined resistance on the part of the occupant of the log. Kendrick got out his knife and put his mark on the nose of the 'gator, so he would know him if he ever found him again, at which the 'gator snapped his jaws and proceeded to fight. How long they would have contended for the ownership of the hollow cypress log no one can say, had not Captain Dicken got a big club for Kendrick, with which he dealt such a telling blow over the snout of the saurian that he was glad to beat a retreat and leave the gallant fisherman in possession of the old log. Kendrick don't like to say much about the matter, but Captain Dicken says the fight was such an even one it ought to be chronicled.—*Tavares (Fla) Herald.*

GOOD RULES. The following rules are commonplace enough, but we can assure our readers that if they will observe every one of the rules, they will be anything but commonplace men and women:

Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a piece of business, be found there when wanted.

No man can get rich sitting around stores and saloons.

Have order, system, regularity, and also promptness.

Do not meddle with business you know nothing of.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others, but never give what you cannot afford to, simply because it is fashionable to give.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS. Two old acquaintances met on the street who had not seen each other for twenty years. Their greeting was most effusive.

"Well," said one, "I'm surprised to see you here. How have you been?"

"First-rate. You're looking well."

"Yes, never felt better in my life. Fine weather we're having."

"Beautiful. But I suppose we can expect rain soon."

"Yes, I shouldn't be surprised. Well—er, I suppose I'll see you again before long?"

"Oh, yes."

"Ah—er—good day."

"Er—good day."

They shook hands awkwardly and departed.

A Smart Cat.

My cat Taffy was very fond of muskmelons. Every morning during the season, muskmelons formed a part of our breakfast, and as regularly a plate of the sliced fruit was put on the floor for Taffy. But a stranger thing by far can be told of Taffy. One night last summer, after midnight, when all the family were asleep, Taffy ran from the door of one bedroom to another, crying and mewing violently. My mother opened her door, and I opened mine, to wonder what was wrong. As soon as the cat saw us, she ran a few steps forward and then back, as if urging us to follow her. She guided us first down a stairs, and then through the kitchen to the door at the head of the stairs leading to the cellar. Upon our opening it we discovered to our great surprise that the outside cellar door at the foot of the steps had been carelessly left wide open by the servants, thus allowing a thief to sneak in. He crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was.

The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that, as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish which the preceding one had aroused. For the same reason the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished

Young Folks' Column.

For the Young Folks' Column.

A Story for Girls.

"Our school commences a week from Monday, mother," said Ella Davis, as she came rushing into her mother's room one May morning; "and the teacher is going to board at Mrs. Collins's. She will be partial to May Collins; she will treat her better than she does the rest of us scholars, I almost know she will."

"Quite likely," said Mrs. Davis, absently, as she looked up from her work. "Ella, child! why do you think so?" asked the dear old grandmother, as she finished taking up the stitches on her knitting work, which had been misplaced by a playful kitten which had invaded her work basket, unwinding the balls, snarling the yarn and making great havoc among the needles and thread.

"Because, Grandma, because—" began Ella, "well, she is a good scholar, and—"

"And what?" asked Grandma.

"And always gets her lessons well," replied Ella.

"Is n't it quite natural for a teacher to love and respect such pupils?" asked Grandma.

"I suppose so," said Ella; "but then she always feels so large when she reads a paragraph without prompting, or when a word is misspelled in her class and she takes it up; and mornings, when she enters the school room, she walks so proudly, and bids the teacher good morning so pertly! If she only knew what people say about her father, she would not feel so grandly, I 'll bet!"

"Her father," said Grandma, "is a respectable man. What can they say against him, Ella?"

"Oh, they say he earns his living by days' work, and that they are pound-and-gallon folks, and—"

"That will do, my dear. Your objections are rather slimsy. Good, honest labor is commendable, and can in no respect impeach one's character.

"Well, I do n't care!" exclaimed Ella snappishly, "she can't dress as well as the other girls of our school, so she has no business to act so proudly."

"There is no particular merit in dress, my dear. We should dress as becomingly as our means will admit. An over-dressed person seems vulgar in my estimation."

"What you say may all be quite true, Grandma, but when May is obliged to wear a cheap plaid during the whole term, she need not set herself up above the rest of us girls."

"In what respect does she dó this?" inquired Grandma.

"Well, when we have recess, she remains in the school-room with the teacher."

"Do you know why? What reasons does she give?"

"Oh, that she wishes to study her lessons, or that she is working a book-mark for the teacher, and many other excuses."

"My dear, I am afraid that 'green-eyed monster, jealousy,' is creeping into your heart. If so, fling it from you as you would a deadly, poisonous serpent."

At length that eventful day came, the first day of school. Groups of lads and lasses might be seen by the passer by, near the schoolhouse, expectantly awaiting the arrival of the teacher. Just as the school bell chimed forth the hour of nine, she came. After the various classes were arranged, the teacher offered a few brief remarks, with a strong endeavor to impress the importance of mutual kindness toward each other during the term.

Afternoon courses came the "second grammar class."

When one of this class write 'this sentence on the board and analyse it: 'The youth should earnestly resolve to achieve a noble position in life.'"

There was some hesitancy among the class. After a brief pause, May Collins arose timidly and went to the board.

"Might know she 'd go!" said Ella Davis in a low whisper to her seat-mate. "If I had been quite sure I could do it without a mistake, I would have started first and not given her a chance to show her abilities so soon."

May's fingers moved rapidly; she paused, gave the analysis, then took her place in the class.

"Correct," said the teacher.

"I wish she had got it wrong!" whispered Ella.

"Could you have righted it?" whispered Jim Stubbs, a red-haired youngster sitting in the seat opposite hers.

"Mind your own concerns!" she whispered.

"May be you 'd better," he retorted, at the same time making a wry face.

"She 's powerful jealous of May," he whispered to Joe Barnes in the seat behind him.

"She 'll have lots of that sort before school is done," said Joe, shaking his head ominously.

The teacher deemed it profitable to devote a portion of time to penmanship. Therefore Wednesday afternoons were set apart for that purpose; and a gift was offered the pupil who would produce the best specimen at the close of the term. Now if there was one branch in which Ella excelled it was penmanship. Being naturally indolent, this required no great effort, as she had a peculiar tact for writing; consequently she excelled nearly every other scholar in her class. As the term wore on, many of the pupils made good advancement in penmanship, among whom were May Collins and Ella Davis. At length the last day came—the closing of the term, a dark, rainy day. As May lingered a moment in the hall to leave her wraps, she overheard a few words that passed between Jim Stubbs and Joe Barnes.

"Won't she be mad, though," said Jim, "if she misses the prize?"

"You bet!" replied Joe; "serve her right, though, she is so spiteful."

"Let 's have a look at her book," said Jim, going to Ella's desk.

"Oh, Jim! you must not," she cried.

"I guess it 's no harm," he replied, at the same time taking out the inkstand with one hand and reaching the book with the other. "Here it is;" and placing it on the desk, he began to inspect it.

"Let 's see," said Joe, looking over Jim's shoulder.

A slight movement from Jim upset the inkstand, and down rolled the dark liquid over poor Ella's writing book. The boys looked at each other.

"What shall we do?" said Jim, looking frightened.

"You did wrong to touch it," said May. "Well, it 's no use to cry for spilled milk, said Jim. "Let 's put it away quick. May be she 'll think it was some of the little ones. May, do n't you tell!" cried both the boys at once. Just then the teacher came.

The school was called to order. As Ella took her seat she saw a dark spot on her desk.

"Some one has spilled my ink," she thought as she lifted her books from the shelf. When she drew out her slate she discovered the blackened and crumpled appearance of her writing book. She hastily drew it forth and went to the teacher.

"Some one has ruined my writing book," she said. The teacher took the book.

"Does any one know about this?" she inquired.

Not a sound was heard.

"Some pupil in this school must know how this happened," she continued.

Jim and Joe looked at each other slyly. Ella glanced at May; her face was flushed and her eyes downcast.

"She has had something to tell us all," whispered Ella.

The teacher saw it all.

"May, do you know aught of this?" she said.

"I do," said May in a firm voice; "but I rather not tell at present."

"Perhaps she did it herself," whispered Ella to Lizzie Jones, her seatmate.

"I guess she did n't," whispered Jim, gritting his teeth and growing very red in the face as he heard this unkind remark.

"Make a clean breast of it, Jim," whispered Joe; but poor Jim had not the courage.

At the closing of the school the teacher arose and said:

"The prize on penmanship should have been awarded to May Collins; but under the circumstances I cannot give it to her."

Jim Stubbs fairly leaped from his seat.

"Teacher, I spilled the ink. I spoiled the writing book. It was an accident. I think a-going to have an innocent girl accused; indeed I 'm not. Punish me if you choose, but give her the prize!"

And May got it.

M. E. C.

Woodburn.

A bright little four-year-old daughter of one of Auburn's members of the bar, passed last summer on "grandpa's" farm in the country, and became learned in things that live in the field and that thrive about the country house. Last week she sat in a row of little girls at school and the teacher wrote "R-a-b-b-i-t" on the blackboard. As a suggestion to the little ones the teacher said: "Now, my dears, what does that word stand for? Do any of you know any animal that has two short legs, two long legs, and long ears?" There was a momentary silence. Then the little Auburn miss raised her hand, and, with all the confidence of intimate acquaintance and extended observation exclaimed, "I 'case I know. It 's g'asshoppers!"

A city school-boy who had never seen the country was taken by a teacher to visit some gardens. The boy gazed long at the roses, and had to be pulled away at last. Then he inquired, "Wot 's heaven like, sir?"